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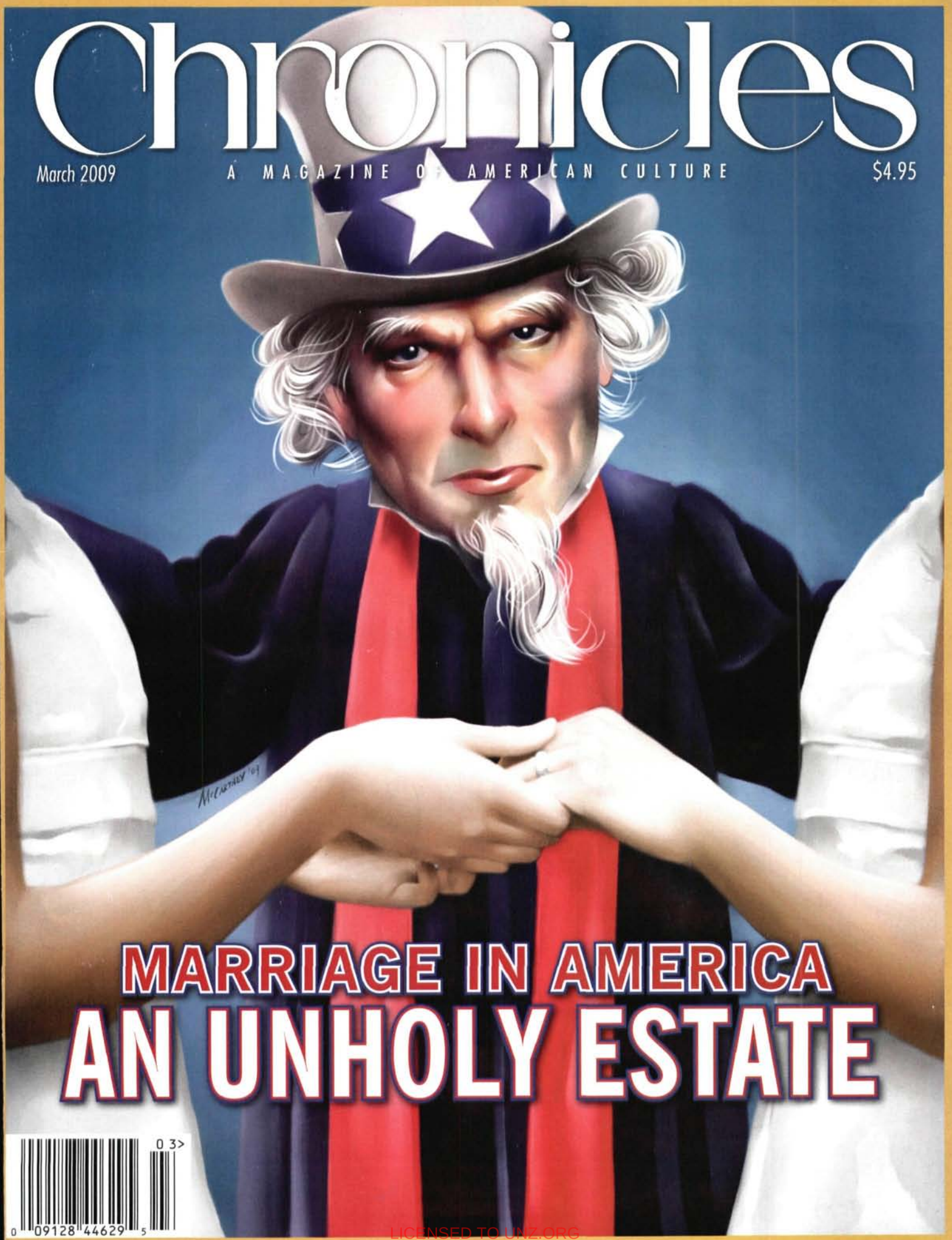

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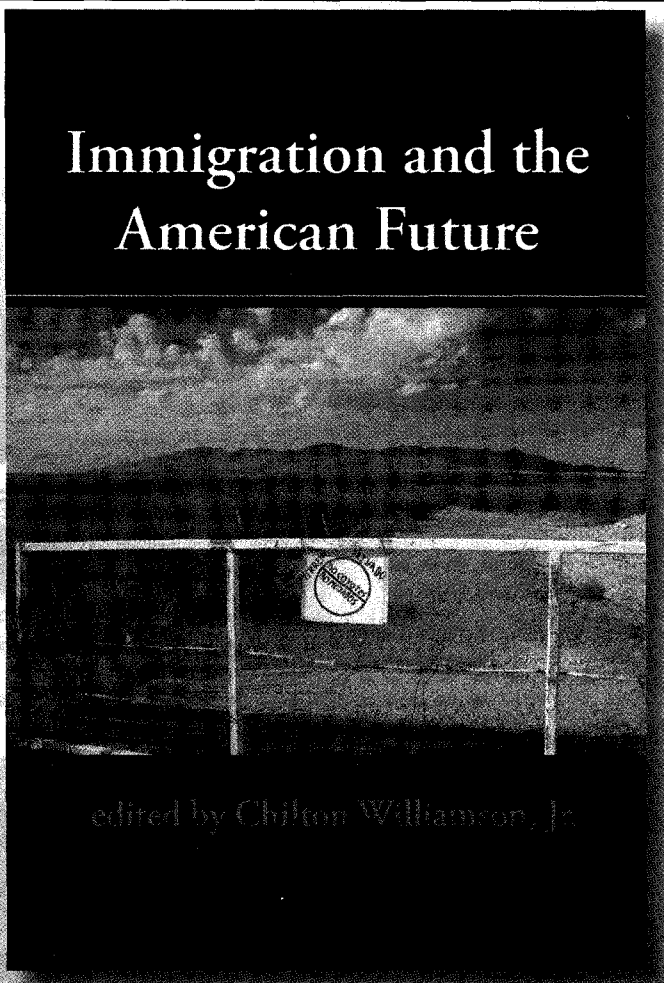

IMMIGRATION AND THE American FUTURE

EDITED BY CHILTON WILLIAMSON, JR.

14 HARD-HITTING CHAPTERS

Wayne Allensworth • James Bissett • David A. Hartman • Peter Brimelow • Edwin S. Rubenstein • James A. Bernsen and the Lone Star Foundation • Roger D. McGrath • Steven Greenhut • Thomas Fleming • Gregory McNamee • Alberto Carosa • Guido Vignelli • Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Can immigration be expected to change America for better, or for worse? If we accept at face value President George W. Bush's claim that terrorism represents the gravest threat to America, as indeed it may, then we must ask ourselves whether terrorism, by itself, is capable either of obliterating the United States as—say—Rome eradicated Carthage from the map of North Africa, or of destroying it by effectively replacing the existing nation on what historically has been American soil with another and different nation. If the answer is "No," then we must agree that the terrorist threat is in fact a subset of the immigration one—and that **mass immigration is a greater threat to the survival of our country than any terrorist campaign possibly could be**. Which, it seems to me, is saying a very great deal about the dangers posed to the United States by mass immigration."

—From the Foreword by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

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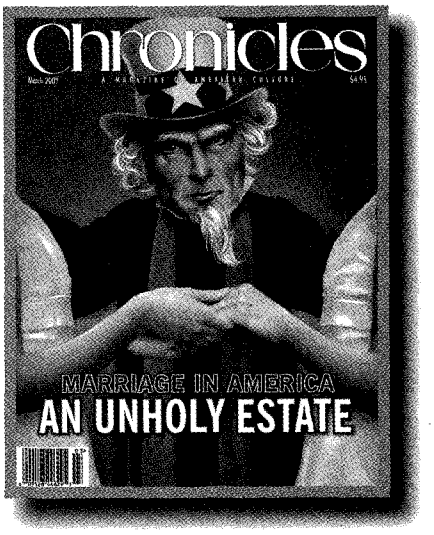

PERSPECTIVE

Self-Evident Lies 10
by Thomas Fleming

VIEWS

Mainline Marital Mélange 14
by William Murchison
When the culture preaches to the church.

Immigration and Marriage in America 17
by R. Cort Kirkwood
Beyond definitions.

Moonstruck Morality *Versus* the Cosmos 20
by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.
Romancing the self.

NEWS

School of Rape 24
by Beverly K. Eakman
From health class to hotties.

REVIEWS

Romancing the Skull 27
by Jack Trotter

John Carroll: *The Wreck of Western Culture: Humanism Revisited*

John Lukacs on George W. Liebmann's *Diplomacy Between the Wars* ◈ **Thomas Fleming** on Christopher Duggan's *The Force of Destiny: A History of Italy Since 1796* ◈ 30

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Ukraine: Life in the Borderland 37
by Matthew A. Rarey

VITAL SIGNS

CONSERVATISM: **City Mouse, Country Mouse** 41
by John Willson

COLUMNS

SINS OF OMISSION 13
by Roger D. McGrath

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG 26
by Taki Theodoracopulos

BREAKING GLASS 34
by Philip Jenkins

THE ROCKFORD FILES 35
by Scott P. Richert

EUROPEAN DIARY 40
by Andrei Navrozov

IN THE DARK 46
Valkyrie, Slumdog Millionaire
by George McCartney

THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN 48
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4
AMERICAN PROSCENIUM 5
CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 6

POETRY
A Paid Engagement and 12
Downy Woodpecker, Up Close 19
by Maryann Corbett

ON THE COVER

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POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Darwin Day

In his review of *Darwin Day in America* by John G. West ("Man on Holiday," *Reviews*, December), Fr. Michael P. Orsi's concerns and opinions are unassailable. Yet in the course of representing the book's statements, he repeats an outrageous falsehood that should not go uncontested. Father Orsi writes that "West points out that there is actually scant evidence for . . . the gradual evolutionary change in species that Darwin himself postulated. In other words, no 'missing link' has ever been found." But according to most paleontologists and biologists, many missing links have been found, and the pace of discovery of them is increasing. I refer interested readers to two new books: *Why Evolution Is True*, by Jerry Coyne (Viking, 2009), a general explanation, and *Your Inner Fish*, by Neil Shubin (Pantheon, 2008), which is particularly concerned with the evolution of the animal body.

The Intelligent Design movement, of which the Discovery Institute is a propagandizing appendage, maintains the canard of the missing link, apparently on the theory that, if you shout the same lie long enough, it will be believed. What do they think such ubiquitously trumpeted discoveries as that of "Lucy" by paleoanthropologist Donald C. Johanson, who is about to publish his fourth book on the subject (*Lucy's Legacy*, Crown, 2009), are, if not the finding of missing links?

Specious science isn't the way to counter atheism—"Darwinian" or otherwise. We must leave the Intelligent Design crowd with their fellow arms-waving, "praise"-chanting megachurch and so-called evangelical-Christian heresiarchs, and turn to Aristotle to route the minions of Darkness. See Edward Feser's *The Last Superstition* (St. Augustine's Press, 2008) for genuine enlightenment and inspiration; then on to the Philosopher.

—*Ray Olson*
Chicago, IL

Fr. Orsi Replies:

Mr. Olson's concerns would be justified if there were indeed hard data of a "missing link" that were being ignored. The fact is that, while there are many hominids that seem to be proto-human, there is no fossil that identifies a transformation either in bone structure or in genetic make-up where one becomes the other.

We can say nothing definitely about "Lucy," who existed between three and four million years ago, other than she walked upright—a trait chimpanzees and humanoids share. Nevertheless, there is a definitive break between *Australopithecus aphaeresis* (Lucy) and humans, with no indication of the former morphing into the other. In other words, the lines of descent remain distinct.

It is important to note that evolution is a theory. It does not have solid proof (hard data) to prove humans evolved from apes. Paleontologists are still seeking the missing link between ancestral humans and monkeys, if it indeed exists. Therefore, Mr. West, the author of *Darwin Day in America*, is quite correct in his assertion.

Those who believe in human evolution are basing their supposition on an unproved premise, while those who hold to Intelligent Design are basing their theory on probability and inference. Neither of these theories has the hard data that the scientific method requires. However, neither of these approaches to man's origin would disprove his uniqueness.

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by David A. Hartman

The Perfect Storm

The best-seller *The Perfect Storm* tells a true story of a ship caught in a vortex created by a continental low-pressure system, a tropical hurricane, and an arctic cold front off the shores of Newfoundland. This complex disaster comes to mind when trying to describe the nature of the crisis that nearly closed down the routine clearance and credit functions of the U.S. financial sector, precipitating an avalanche of stock and commodity prices.

Three overbearing global financial forces have collided to produce this ongoing global financial crisis. The first force was the great credit binge, which has grown exponentially since World War II. The current total of outstanding U.S. credit is 350 percent of GDP (Gross Domestic Product, the nation's output). Between 2000 and 2008, dollar-denominated credit has grown relentlessly at nine percent per year, well in excess of GDP. This growth of credit is not sustainable as a substitute for saving for investment.

The second force is the devaluation of the dollar—that is, the decline of the foreign exchange value of the U.S. dollar. Since 2000, the United States has hemorrhaged more than five trillion dollars abroad in manufacturing trade deficits. This accumulation of trade debt far exceeds the $2 trillion of federal debt accumulated over this period; even if we add to the federal debt the $2.25 trillion stimulus and bailout plans, the trade debt is still larger. Even though the price bubble of imported energy and other commodities has burst, our trade deficit is still increasing U.S. debts at a rate of three quarters of a trillion dollars per year. As measured by the Federal Reserve's major currency index, from 2000 to mid-2008, the dollar was devalued by 30 percent, though it has since bounced back 10 percent. The devaluation is likely to return to unprecedented lows as soon as the current market instability is soothed and emergency foreign reserves in dollars is not considered necessary. A sound national currency is second in importance only to military capability to secure our nation's homes and borders.

Third is the current worldwide recession, which, in all likelihood, will be steeper and longer than those of recent memory—possibly even ending in the second economic depression of the last hundred years. The United States has made globalism her priority at the expense of national interests, and we have promoted consumption to the neglect of saving for investment. In the short term, fair trade abroad and more frugal domestic policies will be hard to secure. But these are essential for our economy both in the short run (to recuperate from recession), and in the long run (for national and global security).

What made this collision inevitable was the 1999 deregulation of banking by Congress, which repealed the Glass-Steagall Act. (This measure was adopted in the Great Depression to separate commercial from investment banking, and later from insurance companies.) The effects of the mergers that followed this deregulation were compounded by the Federal Reserve's lax regulation of lending, which has allowed derivative securities—credit swaps and tranches (portions) of CMOs, CDOs, and SIVs—to replace equity in backing up loans, enabling an explosive growth of credit. Clever offset positions used these securities tools, which were "assured" by rating agencies to be low risk, to sell derivative tranches of the issuers' collateral in order to gain rich commissions, retaining only a fraction of the tranches. The whopping $120 trillion in complex securities derived from $50 trillion of credit issues has bewildered both investors and regulators, who bought the bubble on faith. Both the Clinton and Bush II administrations used the Community Reinvestment Act (CRA) to "encourage" mortgage bankers to issue "subprime mortgages" based on zero equity, dubious incomes, and little justification for lending in order to make home ownership possible for the poor. Conservative banks were transformed into financial casinos. And the derivatives allowed credit to expand in virtually unlimited proportions.

Derivatives of pools of CRA mortgages formed the basis of highly rated tranches of the pools; the remaining high-risk tranches were offered as high-yield junk securities. Soon, pools of used-car loans, credit-card debt, and commercial loans of questionable rating were miraculously converted into safe-rated derivative securities as well. The derivatives that had stimulated the growth of Fannie Mae, Freddie Mac, the FHA, and other federal agencies or "affiliates" that inflated the mortgage market for real estate were joined by the private financial institutions and affiliate hedge funds. The front-end fees of the financial institutions were astounding, and the profits of the U.S. financial sector rose to more than one third of all corporate U.S. profits. The unbridled growth of the residential real-estate market and of mortgages offered for speculative investments in rental houses and unaffordable homes led to the collapse of easy credit when the interest on adjustable-rate mortgages adjusted upward and delinquent mortgage payments soared. Subprime mortgage and other garbage pools quickly lost their luster. Credit-swaps gained rapidly as substitutes for equity as collateral, and varied derivatives rose to enormous levels.

The collapse of credit markets, particularly those for mortgages, led great investment and commercial banks, and the giant federal "affiliates" Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, to insolvency, forcing them to plead for bailout money from the federal government. Potentially solvent institutions were

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merged, while the insolvent but operationally functional were taken over by federal regulators to repackage them for disposal to private investors. Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac were nationalized as federal agencies. The doors of commercial banks were mostly kept open, but the United States found herself sinking into a serious recession. The same thing happened to other countries who are dependent on the U.S. market and those devalued dollars they have accumulated, thanks to U.S. trade deficits. Their crises mirror ours, since the liquidity and value of dollarized and domestic credit instruments have deteriorated.

Reversing the conditions that caused the perfect storm will not be enough if we want to return to sound economic policies. U.S. producers must be provided a level playing field through border-adjusted consumption taxation, which would balance tax rebates on exports with imposts on imports. Washington also needs to enforce our trade agreements and protect our intellectual property rights. This will help close the trade deficits, as well as the federal and private saving deficits—deficits that prevent the investment necessary to create jobs and maintain prosperity.

The perfect storm shows us that complex derivatives are no substitutes for equity. Both the Wall Street cabals and the federal officials who turned a blind eye to their illegal practices must be relentlessly exposed, if not prosecuted. The insistent demands by libertarians, neoconservatives, and supply-siders for unregulated free markets reflect their naiveté about human nature. Civilization requires laws and their enforcement, and police departments do not serve only "police states." Wall Street is an unbridled market personified by powerful, arrogant management that flaunts its incomparable greed. It requires stronger regulation by agencies that are tougher than the current Federal Reserve, OCC, FDIC, and SEC.

At this moment, a new administration is feverishly making plans for pulling the economic ship from the storm. These plans do not address the real problems we are facing nor provide remedies for reform. They could make the storm much worse. Time will tell.

David A. Hartman, a retired banker, is chairman of The Rockford Institute's board of directors.

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

WORST RECESSION SINCE . . . ?

The National Bureau of Economic Research confirmed the suspicions of many Americans by declaring on December 1 of last year that the U.S. economy entered a recession in December 2007. The recession's duration has already exceeded the postwar average (10 months), and it could surpass the two longest (both 16 months) since World War II. If so, it would be the longest recession since the Great Depression, which ended in March 1933 after 43 months. George W. Bush left office as the first president since Richard M. Nixon to preside over two recessions during his tenure in the White House.

Republicans badly mishandled the economy in 2008. President Bush, a self-styled "compassionate conservative," refused to use the *r*-word before the NBER's declaration, despite year-long declines in employment and industrial production. As late as September, GOP presidential nominee John McCain proclaimed his belief that "the fundamentals of the economy are strong." Republicans marketed themselves as fatalists, and it cost them dearly in bellwether states such as Ohio, which they will be hard-pressed to retake. Too many Republicans continue to defend manufacturing job losses in the name of invisible-hand economics, rather than condemn the flawed government tax, regulatory, trade, and monetary policies that destroyed 4.7 million jobs since the sector last peaked in March 1998. This represents a loss of more than one in four manufacturing jobs during Bill Clinton's and George W. Bush's administrations. More than 80 percent—four million—of these manufacturing jobs were lost under the latter.

Until the credit crisis of fall 2008, most economists were also hesitant to recognize that a recession was under way. They were slavishly preoccupied with the stock market and ignored warning signs in manufacturing such as decreases in industrial production and capacity utilization. After the recessions of 1990-91 and 2001, manufacturing employment failed to expand at rates similar to earlier postwar expansions. But too many economists are fixated on the market instead of coincident indicators (employment, industrial production) that reach peaks or troughs with cyclical turning points in the business cycle. Economists who missed the expansion's peak were among the first to declare the recession's trough after the NBER's announcement. They should be treated with skepticism. Instead, media references to "27" or "28 years ago," and "since 1982" are more significant. The bad news illustrates that this recession is competing with the 16-month recession that lasted from July 1981 to November 1982, the worst since the Depression. Examples include Associated Press dispatches warning that "the economy's decline in 4Q-2008 could be the worst quarterly drop since 1982" (December 24) and noting that initial weekly requests for jobless benefits rose to the highest level since November 1982 (December 25). Another example is the Dow Jones report of January 2 that the Institute for Supply Management's manufacturing index dropped to a "28-year low" in December. Expect more losses if President Barack Obama's green industrial policy does not immediately create jobs.

How and when will we know if this recession is the worst since the Depres-

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sion? If the First Friday monthly employment report from the Department of Labor and the Federal Reserve's mid-month industrial-production reading continue to contract into May, along with two other indicators (income and trade), we will be forced to add one more chapter to this sad tale of the neglect of domestic manufacturing.

—*Greg Kaza*

TWO-STATE SOLUTION, R.I.P.

Upon being congratulated for defeating the Romans at Asculum in 279 B.C. during the Pyrrhic War, King Pyrrhus of Epirus, who had lost half of his army during the battle, said something to the effect of "Another victory like this, and we're done for." Hence the phrase "Pyrrhic victory," which could probably be applied to what many Israelis regard as their "victory" over Hamas during the so-called Operation Cast Lead in the Gaza Strip.

And not unlike the Romans, who lost more men than Pyrrhus did, the Palestinian casualties—4,336 Gazans were wounded, and 1,284 killed (894 of them civilians)—were higher than those of the Israelis (10 soldiers and 3 civilians killed, and 512 wounded).

The Israeli government is boasting two important "achievements": the end of the rocket attacks from Gaza into civilian areas in southern Israel; and the sealing of the Gaza-Egypt border, including the destruction of tunnels through which Hamas was able to smuggle weapons from Egypt into Gaza.

Moreover, Israeli officials insist that the large number of Palestinian casualties and the enormous destruction that Israel inflicted on the Gazans will deter Hamas and other anti-Israel movements and regimes in the region, including the Lebanese Hezbollah and its chief patrons, Syria and Iran.

However, Hamas leaders will maintain that Hamas's survival as a political and military force after a confrontation with the mighty Israeli military machine amounts to a huge victory and will point to the fact that the Israeli army, worried over the potential for a large number of casualties, decided not to invade Gaza City and risk bloody house-to-house fighting with Hamas guerillas.

Israel may have achieved a military win of sorts in Gaza. But the Palestinians—as well as the hundreds of millions of Arabs and Muslims who were following the 22-day Israeli offensive, viewing the horrifying images of death and destruction in Gaza on Al Jazeera television—will have a different perspective. Those who see Hamas fighters as heroes will argue that this episode demonstrates that, sooner or later, the current crop of Arab military dictators and corrupt monarchs who are lackeys of the United States will fall from power, a weaker and less confident America will be forced to end her presence in the Middle East, and a new generation of militant Islamic leaders will rise up to deal the Zionists in the Holy Land the same tragic fate as the Crusaders.

More likely, the challenge to the current *status quo* in the Middle East will result in the disintegration of some of the states in the region, including Iraq, Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan, and ignite old and new conflicts between Shiites and Sunnis, Arabs and non-Arabs (Persians, Kurds, Berbers). Meanwhile the geostrategic importance of the region and its energy resources will continue to draw in rising great powers such as China and India. If anything, the Palestinian national movement, spanning the Hamas-controlled Gaza Strip and the Fatah-led West Bank, will not be able to pose any serious military threat to Israel in the coming years. And Israeli nuclear military power will be able to serve as deterrence to a nuclear-armed Iran.

Israel demonstrated to the Palestinians that they cannot defeat her in the field, but with Jewish settlers continuing to expand their presence in East Jerusalem and the West Bank, many Palestinians are concluding that the two-state solution of creating an independent Palestinian state that would live side-by-side with Israel is passé, and that, instead, the Palestinians should demand the establishment of a single, binational state to be shared by Jews and Arabs.

This one-state solution presents a long-term challenge to Israel's survival as a Jewish state. In the area between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean—the Land of Israel or Palestine, which includes Israel, the West Bank, and Gaza—the current demographic trends will make it likely that the number of Palestinian Arabs will equal the number of Israeli Jews in a year or two, and the Palestinian Arabs will become the majority by the end of the decade.

More than 20 percent of Israeli citizens are Arabs who constitute a majority in parts of Galilee and the Negev. Some of their leaders are calling for transforming Israel from a Jewish state into a "normal" state whose identity reflects that of all its citizens rather than that of a shrinking Jewish majority.

The gradual demise of the two-state solution will create new conditions under which the Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza will demand to be granted the same rights that Israeli Arabs have today, including the right to vote in Israeli elections. Indeed, the outgoing Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert predicted in a 2007 interview that the collapse of the two-state solution would mean that "the state of Israel is finished."

While President Barack Obama has reiterated American commitment to the two-state solution and selected former Sen. George Mitchell as a special envoy whose task would be to revive the Israeli-Palestinian "peace process," the reality on the ground in the aftermath of Operation Cast Lead looks bleak. One ethnic-religious community is ruling over another ethnic-religious community in what is gradually becoming the *de facto* binational entity of Israel/Palestine.

As Israelis and Palestinians become more radicalized in their positions, the notion that Washington could help them bridge their differences over core existential issues such as the fate of Jerusalem, the "right of return" of the Palestinian refugees, and the Jewish settlements in the West Bank sounds more and more like a fantasy.

—*Leon Hadar*

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AMERICA'S DWIGHT SCHRUTE

In an hilarious episode of NBC's *The Office*, Dunder-Mifflin übertwerp Dwight Schrute unwittingly adapts the words of several speeches by Benito Mussolini and Karl Marx in order to appear impressive at a conference for salesmen. "Blood alone moves the wheels of history!" he cries, and by the time he gets to Il Duce's "It is a privilege to fight!" the equally witless conference audience is chanting along with him. "Salesmen of the world, unite!"

Explaining a joke tends to make it unfunny, but it might be helpful here. We, the viewers, laugh, because we know that Dwight's adaptation is a little, shall we say, inappropriate. We laugh at Dwight, the fascist salesman, and we laugh at his fever-whipped audience, barely suspending disbelief. Yes, it's possible that a roomful of several thousand salesmen with bachelor's degrees would not recognize any of these "historic" words. The joke's on them.

Reflecting on Rick Warren's invocation at the "historic" inauguration of Barack H. Obama, I wondered: On whom is the joke this time?

Mainstream newspapers were critical of Obama's choice of "America's pastor" to deliver this prayer, but in the immediate afterglow they praised the prayer as "tolerant." Of course, they aver, he prayed in the name of Jesus; *what do you expect from an evangelical?*

Warren invoked "Almighty God, our father," which is unsurprising. But very quickly, he turned to the Old Testam—er, Hebrew Scriptures to remind God of the *Shema*: "The Scripture tells us Hear, oh Israel, the Lord is our God; the Lord is one." Of course, that One God is three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Warren didn't go on to clarify that.

What he did go on to clarify, in the very next sentence, is that the one god he's referring to is Allah. "And you are the compassionate and merciful one."

Nearly every *Sürah* of the Koran begins with the phrase "*Bismillah al-Rahman al-Rahim*" ("In the name of Allah, the Compassionate and Merciful One") Pulling my *English Translation of Al-Qur'an* from the shelf, I let the book fall open to page 194, *Al-Ma'idah*, to find the same phrase at the *Sürah*'s heading. Skimming a couple of pages detailing the prohibition on eating meat not slaughtered in the name of Allah, I land on condemnations of Christians and the Christian Faith (emphasis original): "O people of the book (*Jews and Christians*)! Now Our Rasool has come to you to reveal much of what you have concealed from the Holy Books and to pass over much which is no longer necessary . . . Indeed those have committed Kufr (*rejected faith*) who said, 'God is the Messiah, son of Maryam.' *O Muhammad*, ask them, 'Who has the power to prevent Allah if He chose to destroy the Messiah, the son of Maryam, his mother and all that is in the earth?'"

Get that? In case you didn't, the publishers provide a note in the margin: "Jesus, son of Mary, is not God or son of God" [*sic*]. This is the word of "the compassionate and merciful one."

But wait! Warren closed his prayer in Jesus' name, right? Here's the AP's transcript: "I humbly ask this in the name of the one who changed my life, Yeshua, Isa, Jesus (hay-SOOS), Jesus, who taught us to pray, Our Father . . . "

Yeshua ("Joshua") is the Hebrew word for Jesus, and "*hay-SOOS*" will be familiar to Spanish-speaking viewers who apparently didn't understand any other word of Warren's prayer.

But who is "Isa"?

Isa is the Arabic word for Jesus—the one used in the Koran in order to deny His membership in the Godhead, His resurrection, His saving mission.

But see, Warren fans might argue, America's pastor was making use of a teachable moment. He was showing Muslims that the Isa they subordinate to Muhammad is really . . . well, the "one who changed my life." Here in this country where we are "united not by race or religion or blood, but to our commitment to freedom and justice for all," we're all really praying to the same Allah. Now, let Isa change your life. *People of the Book, UNITE!*

Warren does remind us (though he is addressing God) that Judgment Day is coming: "And may we never forget that one day all nations and all people will stand accountable before you."

That's good advice. It meshes with Our Lord's statement in Matthew 10: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

Does invoking Allah and praying to "Isa" amount to confessing Christ before men?

Listen, dude! If Rick Warren were the kind of guy who insisted on invoking the Holy Trinity and leaving out Isa and Allah and Shiva and the Dharma Initiative and Dr. King, he never would've been asked to pray in the first place! "Some people will tell you *salesman* is a bad word. They'll conjure up images of used-car dealers and door-to-door charlatans. This is our duty—to change their perception."

Tee hee. Joke's on us.

—*Aaron D. Wolf*

OBITER DICTA

Making her *Chronicles* debut this month is our poet, **Maryann Corbett**. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Atlanta Review*, *The Evansville Review*, *Measure*, *The Lyric*, *First Things*, *Christianity and Literature*, and other journals, and it has been nominated for the Pushcart and Best of the Net anthologies. Her chapbook *Gardening in a Time of War* was published in 2007 by Pudding House Press.

Our cover art is provided by our interior artist, **George McCartney, Jr.** Mr. McCartney studied at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and received a bachelor's of art from the State University of New York at Geneseo. Since 1997, he has worked in various media in the fields of illustration, graphic design, and textiles. George resides in North Carolina with his wife, Kristin, and their children.

Our interior art is provided by **Melanie Anderson**. Mrs. Anderson, our designer, received her B.F.A. from Northern Illinois University.

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ESSENTIAL READING ON THE MIDDLE EAST CONFLICT

Peace in the Promised Land
A Realist Scenario

The purpose of this book is to rekindle debate in the United States about the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. . . . It is not normal that the discourse on the dispute is far more dynamic, varied, and intelligent in other countries—including Israel—than in America.

—From the Foreword

Few issues in American foreign policy evoke more emotion than U.S support for Israel. With the "War on Terror" raging and insurgent Islam on the rise, we must reconsider the question, "What is the American interest in the conflict between Israel and the Palestinians?"

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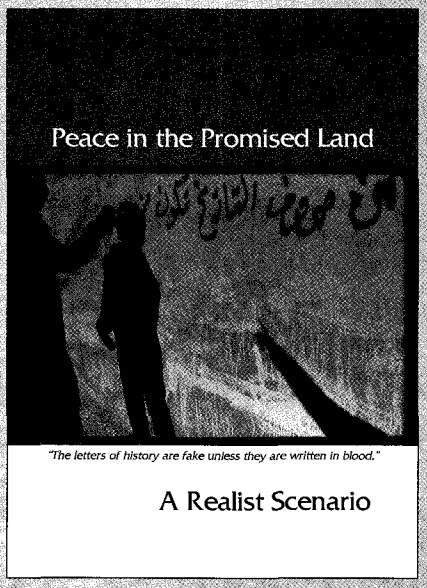

Includes color maps, source documents, and a selected bibliography

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by Thomas Fleming

Self-Evident Lies

> Jon Stewart: "You write that marriage is the bedrock of our society. Why would you not want more couples to buy into the stability of marriage?"
>
> Mike Huckabee: "Marriage still means one man one woman life relationship. I think people have a right to live any way they want to, but even anatomically . . . the only way we can create the next generation is through a male-female relationship. For 5,000 years of recorded human history, that's what marriage has meant."
>
> Jon Stewart: "5,000 years . . . takes it back to the Old Testament where polygamy was the norm . . . Marriage has evolved greatly over those 5,000 years, from a property arrangement . . . we've redefined it constantly. It used to be that people of different races could not marry. It's very convenient to go back to the Bible and say 'Look at how they defined marriage.' Why don't we look at how they did slavery?"

Why go on? Poor Governor Huckabee was slaughtered by the host of *The Daily Show*. He refused to confront honestly either polygamy or slavery, and he took refuge in the fact that, in the 30 states where same-sex "marriage" has been on the ballot, 68 percent of the voters rejected it. Huckabee had, after all, subscribed to the liberal notion that "all people are created equal," and now he was restricting the equal rights of homosexuals. When he could only defend his position by citing the law, Stewart quite appropriately asked, "What if we make it that Hispanics can't vote?"

Huckabee's feeble response was, "I don't think that's a really good idea." So much for the champion of the Christian Right. Huckabee's complete inability to defend traditional marriage is one more illustration—as if we needed it—that conservative principles can never be successfully defended by liberal arguments.

The current controversies over same-sex "marriage" and no-fault divorce reveal the effects of several generations of bad education and leftist indoctrination. Many of the participants in the public debate, because they begin with a serious misunderstanding of marriage, rush headlong into false conclusions that are subversive of the moral, social, and political order. Mental confusion, in nearly every case, is at the root of the profound social dissolution we have created in this country. A people who cannot get marriage right will not be able to get anything else in their social and political life right, because marriage is the foundation of all good order in society. To put it simply and stupidly: In misunderstanding and perverting the nature of marriage and its relationship to the state, we make it difficult to retain what little freedom is left to us and impossible to begin the task of recovering the liberties bequeathed to us by our ancestors.

In the marriage debate, the champions on each side make fundamental mistakes that corrupt the discussion and make it impossible to begin the process of defending marriage. It is easy to spot the errors of the left, both the Marxist left and the libertarian left: They hate marriage as it has existed throughout our history and would replace it with a voluntary *ad hoc* attachment that can be entered or abandoned with ease. For them, marriage is no longer a serious contract, as liberals once wanted it to be, but only the sort of paperwork a tourist fills out when he is renting a car. Naturally, he agrees to take out certain insurance, pay traffic tickets, and be held liable for damages. Beyond that, he only expects to drive the car—or bed the woman—for a limited time. For them the purpose of marriage is (as Jon Stewart and his "gay" friends might argue) mutual affection within a stable relationship.

Conservatives, although they are right in their instinctive reverence for the institution, typically make the mistake of accepting the old liberal view of marriage, which made it a contract between individuals that is enforced by the state. As a result, they concentrate their efforts on beefing up state regulation of marriage and divorce—as if governments had not already done enough damage—and, by forever speaking of marriage as made between two individuals, they can never entirely escape the liberal-libertarian trap. If a man and a woman can enter freely into a contract, why can they not, by mutual consent, find an exit? In forever speaking of marriage as a human right—and, to use Mr. Huckabee's first-grade syntax, "a one man one woman life relationship" formed by two individuals—they will always have to fall back on law or prejudice as their ultimate defense of normal marriage.

The fundamental problem reveals itself in the vague language, a distant echo of Rousseau and Marx, used to defend traditional marriage. By "life relationship," did Huckabee mean an unbreakable bond throughout their lives or merely a relationship to enjoy life together? As a Southern Baptist preacher, Huckabee knows that Baptists have a very

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high divorce rate. Conservatives in general, as eager as they are to oppose same-sex "marriage for non-believers," have walked away from the more serious problem of Christian divorce. As conservatives, naturally, they will want to protect any children that have been born, and they will insist on fulfillment of contracts, waiting periods, child support, *etc*. In other words, they would return us to the *status quo ante* 1970, when California first permitted no-fault divorce. Even if this restoration of the postwar moral order represented an improvement, the benefits would be trivial: Before 1970 any number of legal fictions were employed to make divorces relatively easy to procure. To accept the conservative solution is to be content with not half a loaf but only a few breadcrumbs.

Then, if I am dismissing both the conservative and leftist view, what do I say that marriage is? I would like to give the Christian answer, that marriage is an indissoluble union established by God for the procreation of the human race and the mutual comfort of men and women, but there are so few Christians in the world today, the voice of Christ Himself would hardly be persuasive: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery" (Mark 10:11-12). In Matthew 5:32, a fuller form of the sentence is given, with the concession "saving for the cause of fornication."

Who in the United States will accept such a strict repudiation of divorce? Certainly not American evangelicals, whose members turned out in force to support Mike Huckabee. These churches do little or nothing to punish or excommunicate divorced people, and they even, in some cases, refuse to defrock divorced pastors. Certainly not American Catholic bishops who hand out annulments as if they were coupons for a free car wash, or the nearly one fourth of the Catholic laity that has been divorced at one time or another, or the 93 percent of Catholics who say that divorce is acceptable in some or all cases. Compared with ignorance (apparently invincible) and perversity (incurable short of a miracle) a robust Christian position on marriage and divorce would appear to be irrelevant, not only to the pagans among us but to most self-described Christians.

Then let us go back to the beginning and address Jon Stewart's entirely relevant question. If we applaud the evolution of marriage into a free contract between two individuals, then why should we be afraid to take the next step? If we refuse to step gaily into the future, the most obvious answer is to reject the progress that has brought us to this abyss: the overall transformation of marriage from a social to an individual-juridical institution—that is, from being a relationship between families for the good of the families to being a contract between individuals enforced by law.

Christians, naturally, will balk at polygamy or at least regard it as morally inferior to monogamy, but there is every reason in the world why they should reject the Enlightenment's redefinition of marriage as a relationship between a man and a woman who wish to live and enjoy life together. To begin to understand the errors of this redefinition, let us go back to the shadow-boxing match Governor Huckabee forfeited without putting up a fight.

When Jon Stewart suggested, by way of criticizing marriage in the Old Testament, that marriage and property in ancient times were related, he was referring (consciously or not) to the long-exploded thesis of Engels and Marx, that property, marriage, and the state were invented by power-seeking males.

The real connection is a bit less conspiratorial. In any free society, households can only be independent if, first, they are embedded in a wider network of kin and clan, whose members will aid them, and, second, if they possess sufficient property to maintain their existence and keep from falling into dependency, either on the rich and powerful or on the government. This link between property and marriage endured, for the responsible classes, down to the end of the 19th century. Men often put off marriage until they were sufficiently well fixed to be able to provide a home and necessities for their future family.

In the 20th century, however, governments have made it possible to buy a house on easy terms—and at perhaps three times the price. We no longer have to take care of our children or provide for their education, and we no longer expect our children to take care of us in old age. The lord—that is, the government—will provide.

Stewart's best argument—and it is always the left's best argument—is to play the race card: Christians want to deny homosexuals the right to marry on biblical grounds. On the same grounds, they once denied racial intermarriage. Once upon a time in an America that no longer exists, an answer might have been given that is not possible on network television (even when the network is Comedy Central): So what? Slavery was a common institution in the Old Testament, and so far from being repudiated in the New, it was reinforced by the injunction to slaves to obey their masters. Slavery was virtually universal in Christendom down to the Enlightenment, and in some parts of the Christian world it was not eliminated until the late 19th century. However undesirable it was and is, slavery is not, *pace* Hilaire Belloc, incompatible with Christianity, and, therefore, the *reductio ad servitudinem* is irrelevant to us.

In this era of thought control, though, the best answer is the truth that traditional societies are always interested in restricting the right of *connubium* (lawful marriage with a citizen) and in defining legitimacy and inheritance rights. The republics of Athens and Rome set restrictions on marriage with noncitizens, partly to maintain the loyalty and patriotism of the citizen class but also to make inheritance secure. The offspring of an Athenian who married a noncitizen could be sued by a citizen-kinsman who claimed the inheritance. Yes, of course, there were racialist reasons for outlawing mixed marriages in 19th-century America, but the basic principle is quite common and justifiable, so long as we understand that society's only role in marriage is to encourage the procreation and rearing of good citizens.

And here is where the errors of Stewart and Huckabee

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converge: They both think that, because marriage is the bedrock of society, it should be defined and protected by government, and they both regard the right to marry as a universal human right derived from natural equality. So long as conservatives accept this argument, they can never win, either in a debate on Comedy Central or in the political sphere.

If there were universal/international human rights to life, marriage, education, welfare, and plasma TV sets, and if, "to secure these rights," governments really "were instituted among men," then the argument is over, and the defenders of marriage and life and virtue have all lost as badly as Governor Huckabee. On these terms, government, along with rights, will always be expanded, because only government can stop parents from interfering with a daughter's right to sex without fear of procreation or the child molester's right to buy kiddie porn—so long as no real children can be shown to have been exploited.

The ancient conception of marriage and family—from Aristotle, Cicero, Thomas, Dante, and Althusius—as the foundation of the social order means exactly the opposite of what Huckabee and Stewart would like it to mean. The family constructs the lower orders of society, which in turn construct the state; therefore, no legitimate state, whether a republic or a monarchy, will strip the province, village, and family of their traditional prerogatives. A healthy society may, indeed, pass laws, good and bad, to confirm the family forms that have been inherited from earlier generations, but it will never innovate, for example, by liberalizing divorce or legalizing same-sex marriage. The first government to stage a divorce revolution was the Jacobin government of France, and it is no accident that this revolution was imitated by the Reconstruction government imposed on South Carolina at the end of the War Between the States. The radicals revoked the strictest divorce law in the Union and replaced it with the most liberal. When Wade Hampton and the Redeemers ended Reconstruction in 1876, one of the first acts of the restored government was to revive South Carolina's very conservative divorce law.

Private property and marriage are intertwined institutions, and governments that interfere in them, by stealing wealth and property or by encouraging lethal perversions, are not republican governments, and nations that submit to such tyranny are not free. We understand why leftists wish to enslave us. What is harder to understand is why so many self-described conservatives have accepted the language and reasoning of the enemy.

A Paid Engagement

by Maryann Corbett

This job one does alone. The call
comes without fanfare, *funeral.*
(I pick up *accident* and *sudden.*)
Nothing especially hard to do:
standard selections (Proulx, Gounod),
the planning rushed, the choices leaden.

So why the heart's leap to the gullet
as I arrive? The great oak door?
(Weight planted on both feet, I pull it.)
The weird alone-but-not-alone
echo, decaying on the stone,
of heels on a patterned marble floor?

Not now. Vesting quickly, we
(priest, servers, cantor, organist)
make up the face of liturgy,
ordered as Newton's universe,
impassible as God. Composed.
Until we reach the psalmody.

The hubris of it. How do I dare
sing to these people *I will fear*
no evil, watching as they sit,
their heads bent with the weight of it?
Why balm, dear God? why useless balm?
Why not the Twenty-*second* psalm?

I am poured out like water. See,
my bones are dust. My heart is wax
melted within. Wild dogs, hungry,
circle. Thugs close in, in packs. . . .
The real song for the shadow-valley:
Eli, lama sabachthani?

But rubric or reserve prevails.
I pour the balmy Twenty-third
like salt into an open sore,
and as an acid afterword
the Ninety-first. *You shall not fear*
(again, that line) *the night that falls . . .*

Last hymn; they sift out of the space.
A tiny dowager, all hump,
passes the ambo. She looks up
to mouth the words with me, her face
utterly open, raw. My note
wobbles. Grace sticks in my throat.

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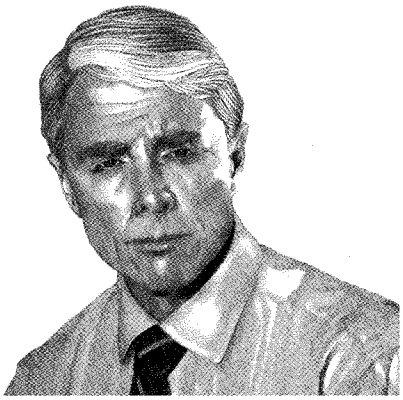
by Roger D. McGrath

Epic But Forgotten: Peleliu



Few Americans today know of Peleliu, a speck of an island in the southwest Pacific. A part of the Palau group of the Caroline Islands, Peleliu is only six miles long and two miles wide. It lies 550 miles due east of the Philippines in splendid isolation. Covered with dense green vegetation and surrounded by turquoise-blue water lapping against white sandy beaches, Peleliu appears to be a tropical paradise.

Of all the unnecessary U.S. operations of World War II, Peleliu was both the most unnecessary and the costliest. During the summer of 1944 our high command decided that Gen. Douglas MacArthur would finally return to the Philippines with a landing on Leyte Island, scheduled for October. To protect his flank it was thought that Peleliu, with a large Japanese airfield, must be secured. Adm. William "Bull" Halsey argued in vain that the operation was unnecessary, that Peleliu should be leapfrogged.

The Marine in command of the operation, Maj. Gen. William Rupertus, estimated that it would require only two or three days to secure the island. A 55-year-old career officer and veteran of the Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester campaigns, Rupertus understood the tenacity and fanaticism of the Japanese. Neither Rupertus nor U.S. intelligence, though, knew the Japanese had turned Peleliu into one big pillbox. In hundreds of underground caves and tunnels, some with steel doors, they had 14,000 crack troops and ammunition and materiel stockpiled.

For several days before the invasion, Navy ships shelled Peleliu. Naval and Marine aviators dropped bombs on the island. Much of the island's vegetation was obliterated. The Navy admiral in command, Jesse Oldendorf, announced that the Navy had "run out of targets." Piece of cake. The Marines would walk ashore.

At 0830 on 15 September 1944, as Marines neared the beach, Japanese machine-gun, mortar, artillery, and small-arms fire suddenly roared from hundreds of concealed positions. The noise was deafening. Some landing craft exploded in balls of flame. The smoke was so thick it was like a dense fog. "It was the closest thing to Hell," said a Navy coxswain, "I ever want to see." Some cursing, some praying, some silent, the Marines of the 1st, 5th, and 7th Regiments of the 1st Marine Division came stumbling ashore.

As difficult as the landing was, it was merely a warm-up to taking the island's high ground, the Umurbrogol Mountains. Aided by the rugged terrain, their careful preparation, and new tactics, the Japanese would inflict more than twice as many casualties on the Marines on Peleliu as they had on Tarawa. Proportionally, Marine casualties on Peleliu equaled those suffered on Iwo Jima. Iwo is well known. Peleliu is all but unknown.

The 1st Marine Regiment, commanded by Col. Lewis "Chesty" Puller, already a legend in the Corps, suffered the brunt of the casualties. The Regiment's 1st Battalion had an astounding casualty rate of 71 percent; 2nd Battalion, 56 percent; 3rd Battalion, 55 percent. How the regiment remained operational is inexplicable. Instead of the two or three days of fighting that had been anticipated, the Marines fought for more than a month and suffered nearly 9,000 casualties. Eight men received the Medal of Honor, most awarded posthumously.

Savage, small-unit actions occurred daily from one end of the island to the other—in the Five Sisters, at China Wall, in Death Valley, on Bloody Nose Ridge, along Wildcat Trail. Russell Davis, a Marine rifleman with 2/1, described what it was like:

> I picked up the rifle of a dead Marine and I went up the hill. I remember no more than a few yards of scarred hillside, blasted white with shellfire and hot to touch. I didn't worry about death anymore. I had resigned from the human race. I only wanted to be as far forward as any man when my turn came. My fingers were smashed and burned, but I felt no pain. I crawled and scrambled forward and lay still, without any feeling toward any human thing. In the next hole was a rifleman. He peered at me through red and painful eyes. Then we both looked away. I didn't care about him. He didn't care about me. I thought he was a fool and he probably thought I was the same. We had both resigned from the human club. As a fighting outfit, the First Marine Regiment was finished. We were no longer even human beings. I fired at anything that moved in front of me. Friends or foe. I had no friends. I just wanted to kill.

During late October the Marines, having annihilated all but a few holed-up Japanese, were relieved by soldiers of the 81st Infantry Division and taken by boats to Navy ships offshore. As the Marines struggled up the cargo nets onto the decks of the ships, they were stunned to see Navy officers scrubbed, clean shaven, and starched. One of the ship's officers asked, "Got any souvenirs to trade?" A Marine stood silent for a moment, then reached down and patted his own rear end. "I brought my ass out of there, swabbie. That's my souvenir of Peleliu."

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Mainline Marital Mélange

When the Culture Preaches to the Church

by William Murchison

We know the stereotype, do we not? Eyes like marbles, jaw clinched tight as a bear trap; icy baritone voice; accusatory finger slashing the air. *Yea, brothers and sisters, hear the word of the Lord, Who condemns . . .*

For some wacko reason, popular culture (you know what I mean—talk shows, movies, plain old bar and workplace chit-chat) portrays the ministers of God as prigs and bluenoses forever trying to snuff out honest desire while making others, idealistic young people in particular, as unhappy and guilt-ridden as they themselves. Nobody would say such dreary folk don't ply their trade in this church and that one. A more truthful, as well as useful, thing to say is that the stereotype has things backward and inside out, most of all when the topic is America's Mainline churches.

Condemnation, the wrath of God, patterns of personal holiness—for mainliners, meaning Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Congregationalists, and the like, such stuff has the penetrating odor of mothballs and cedar chests. Sweet tolerance and gentle affirmation are the hallmarks of today's mainliners.

If modern stereotypes overstate and distort the old pedagogical style of the churches, there indeed existed standards that churchmen thought worthy of holding up for emulation. A few of these standards might be considered, let us say, less essential than others. My late mother used to recount with a smile the strictures she faced as a small-town Methodist girl in the 1920's: no movies on Sunday, no card-playing, certainly no unbecoming language. And caution about boys.

No movies? The notion needs time for absorption. Yet the mainliners understood well enough the value of other prescriptions and proscriptions, not least those pertaining to the human-relationship questions that underlie what we call the holy estate of matrimony. The delicate and sensible regulation of that volatile topic, sex, was—is—at the heart of the matter. The mainliners understood what to say. They had received their knowledge from Scripture and the tradition of the Christian community, as lived out over many centuries.

Corresponding editor William Murchison is a syndicated columnist and the author, most recently, of Mortal Follies: Episcopalians and the Crisis of Mainline Christianity *(Encounter).*

It would be going too far to suggest that 1960's relativism and chaos pinned the mainliners' ears back, collectively. You can still get good doses of authoritative teaching in Mainline churches. It's a matter of hunting for it. By and large, genial tolerance is the notion that holds sway.

Booze, cards, dancing, joyriding, unchaperoned dating—not many if any yearn for clerical fixation on such topics. The wonder of the age perhaps is clerical and congregational apathy regarding norms that churches once protected with jealousy. For instance, whereas you might get divorced, you weren't supposed to. If you did, you wiped your muddy shoes on an "honourable estate" (as the Book of Common Prayer expressed it) "instituted of God, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church . . . "

Nor were you supposed to suggest or imagine there were viable alternatives to Christian marriage, such as cohabitation, an unholy estate known to many Christians as "shacking up." And no premarital sexual couplings: no sleepovers with your date. Nor were young married couples to decide on their own authority that deliberate nonprocreation was fine for folks who didn't care to subordinate their own desires to those of mere children. What emphatically the mainstream churches, like the larger society, would have disallowed was the idea that people of the same sex would make an acceptable, perhaps even a commendable, married couple.

You didn't fool around with family, in other words. Family, according to God's holy ordinance, was society's foundational unit—the littlest of little platoons, yet the strongest and most crucial. There were ways to do family, and there were ways not to do it. The former led not only to the spread and perpetuation of the human race, according to God's transparent design, but also—spats and tears and disillusionments notwithstanding—to the couple's joy and lifetime fulfillment. The second, alternative way, characterized by obedience to impulse, whim, and short-term preoccupation, led to disintegration. We live, to an extent once deemed unthinkable, in the day and era of the second way. That religious assent fortifies willingness to live in the second way is the shock and grief of our times.

Here are a few random items for digestion.

In 2003 the Episcopal Church consecrated as bishop a practicing homosexual who had left his wife and daugh-

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ters to live with a male lover.

The chief lobbyist for the National Association of Evangelicals told National Public Radio last December that, whereas he once opposed same-sex marriage, he now thought it was time to "give the biblical view a different slant."

In July 2008 the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) General Assembly voted to ask that presbyteries drop the constitutional requirement that clergy observe "fidelity within the covenant of marriage between a man and a woman or chastity in singleness . . . "

Sixty-nine percent of white Mainline Protestants (according to the Pew Research Center) say abortion "should be legal in all/most cases."

The United Methodist Church, in 2004, came out for therapeutic cloning using spare embryonic stem cells from *in vitro* fertilization. Around the same time, the Episcopal Church endorsed the use of embryos not created specifically for destruction. The Presbyterians said stem cells could be used to help those suffering grave illnesses.

A Presbyterian researcher found that divorced ministers who work as denominational leaders are about half as numerous as married ministers.

A poll by the Barna Group reported that 34 percent of Protestant Christians have been divorced. George Barna, who directed the study, observed: "There no longer seems to be much of a stigma attached to divorce; it is now seen as an unavoidable rite of passage."

And so on . . .

It is fair to note that not all movement along the religious mainstream is from "right" to "left"—from family morality of the old-fashioned sort to what Barna describes as "a new moral code in America." United Methodists, for instance, at their General Conference in 2008 voted—albeit by a mere 84 votes out of 918 cast—to stipulate the monogamous and heterosexual character of Christian marriage. As many as 100,000 theologically conservative Episcopalians have officially seceded in recent years from an American church far gone, they contend, in commitment to nonbiblical norms, or anyway in apathy toward the growing cultural acceptance of those norms.

Well, so what? Does anything we see here fail to resemble the ongoing splits in American life at virtually every level, and in virtually every institution? The answer plainly is no. But here's the "what" that follows the "so." Religion alone, by appeals to an Authority Who easily outranks the poor, jumped-up authorities of the secular world, underwrites the norms that make social life possible. I know from experience what follows from that assertion. To their feet rise nonbelievers and even a few mild (but gently tolerant) believers, saying, Phooey and baloney! Being good without God is a breeze; just look at us!

I am looking. Care to know what I see? I see a variety of human egos swirling about, fighting over claims that arise not from transcendent authority but from individual calculations, often as not incomplete, hastily considered, hardly ever debated, owing as much to musings on immediate opportunity as to considerations of long-term advantage. And devilishly difficult to hang on a moral framework. Such a framework doesn't just magically appear. Inspiration and revelation, over the centuries, give it form, beauty, and permanence. The extended reasonings of a Christian body turn out in practice to have general and lasting applicability. If, for instance, no-fault divorce wasn't a really cool idea in the tenth century, it's likely not much of an idea now.

Melanie Anderson

The atomistic morality of the late 20th century, and for now at least the 21st century, is no guide to anything, save to the inner mental workings of the individual actor. He's the one in charge. Or so he maintains. As Barna puts it, "The consistent deterioration of the Bible as the source of moral truth has led to a nation where [*sic*] people have become independent judges of right and wrong, basing their choices on feelings and circumstances." He adds, a little darkly, "It is not likely that America will return to a more traditional moral code until the nation experiences significant pain from its moral choices."

Or until the mainliners figure out why it was they formerly understood so well the protective as well as worshipful aspects of marriage—the "for better, for worse" and the "forsaking all others" parts; the mutual plighting of "troth," meaning fidelity; the vow of lifelong commitment, each partner to the other one.

Certain discerning Anglicans of my acquaintance put the same-sex "marriage" uproar in perspective. We wouldn't have gotten to this, they note, discerningly, had we not given up on the notion of true marriage and true family life as lived "in accordance with God's holy ordinance." In other words, if their church had taken with greater seriousness the entirely countercultural teaching

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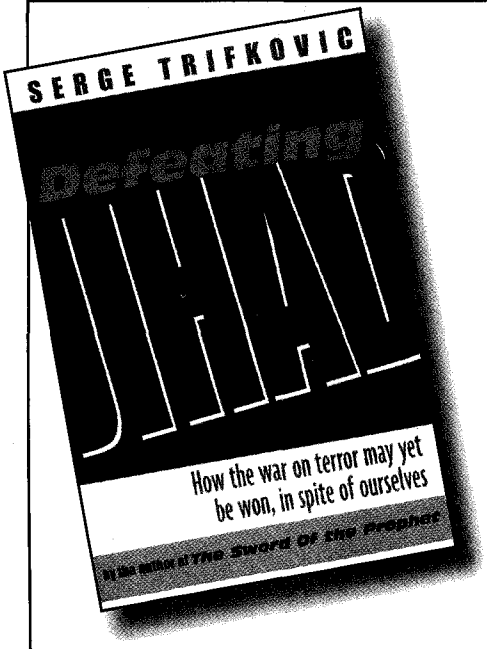
of one heterosexual marriage for life; had the church held that teaching high, secure against cultural pollution, then marriage doctrine would never have become subject to individual ratification. Marriage outside the Christian norm—same-sex unions are the obvious example—would have been a contradiction in terms, a nonstarter, a cultural unicorn, sparkling only in the radiance of rhetoric.

Instead, Mainline clerics chose to sit still while the culture preached to them. Too often, instead of pushing back, they found themselves nodding in agreement with this or that cultural point. Take the famed English bishop John A.T. Robinson, whose best-selling tract, *Honest to God*, found a large and appreciative audience in the United States. "[T]here can for the Christian," Robinson wrote, "be no 'packaged' moral judgments—for persons are more important than 'standards.'" Even Christian standards? That was Robinson's point, as it was the point of liberated clerics and theologians throughout the West: It was the duty, as well as the privilege, of modern people to work out for themselves the questions whose answers used to come from religious muckety-mucks claiming to speak in the Lord's name. We were done with the old nonsense. We understood better. The Church might counsel and console. She certainly wasn't going to throw her weight around. This complicates things for those Christians who decide a little theological weight in the scales might be just what we need as the idea of normative family life fades from recollection. Conditioned to affirming rather than challenging do-it-yourself theology, too many Mainline ministers of the Gospel find themselves out of their depth, and sinking.

Accordingly, the Mainline churches—not fully understanding their job description, which is basically to connect members with the God who created them—fare less and less well in the 21st century. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans—all have declined sharply in membership over these past few wonderful decades of liberation. The Episcopal Church, my own shop, has fewer adherents than the Mormons—not least because, whatever it is Mormons believe, they really believe it. The Episcopalians—especially the baby-boom bishops, priests, and theologians who run the national show—don't merely move the theological goalposts; they depict goalposts in general as unmodern, what with their rigor and fixity. Just kick, they admonish—it's fine with the Lord.

That's not all of us, I hasten to add. Not by any means. It's enough certainly to remind Christian mainliners of every description that the standards of modern culture make considerably less sense than the culture's high priests let on. If the old family norms were so stupid and backward, why was their heyday better for marital longevity, better for the care and rearing of children, than the normless present has proved? Riddle us that one. And while we await the answer, dare I suggest we might actually want to pray? ◈

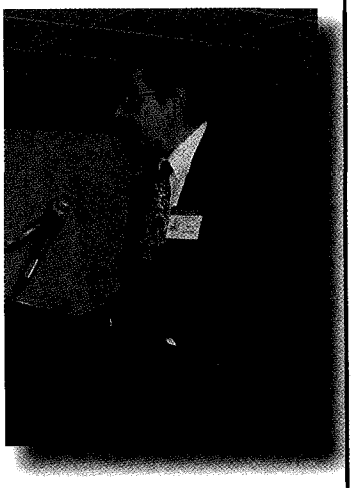
From the author of *The Sword of the Prophet*



*"The victory will come not by conquering Mecca for America but **by disengaging America from Mecca** and by excluding Mecca from America. Eliminating the risk is impossible. Managing it wisely, resolutely, and permanently is something attainable."*

Defeating Jihad

by Srdja Trifkovic



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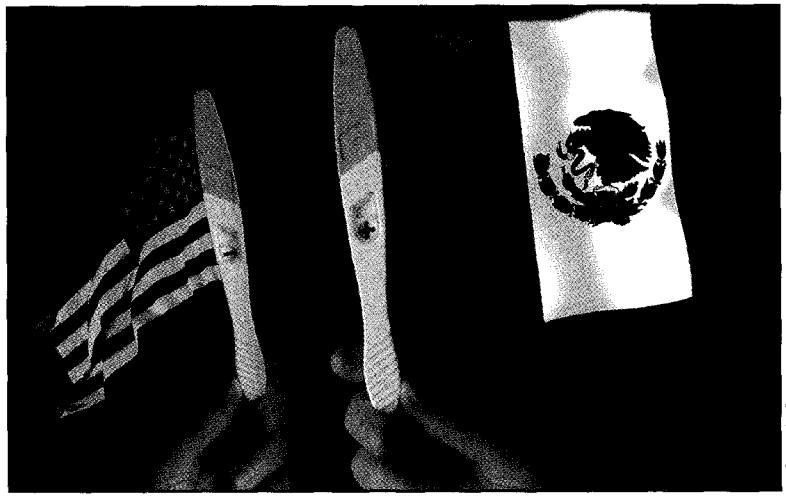
Immigration and Marriage in America

Beyond Definitions

by R. Cort Kirkwood



Melanie Anderson

Listening to the news media, you'd think that Americans simply don't understand marriage. One in two marriages fails. Public schools peddle theories about "alternative families" with such textbooks as *Heather Has Two Mommies*. Single women run hither and yon looking for Mr. Goodbar, who turns out to be a white-frocked fertility guru equipped with a turkey baster and petri dishes.

Consider these data: The marriage rate in 1945, with the United States emerging from World War II and still suffering the lingering effects of the Depression, was almost 12.2 per 1,000. In 1946, it peaked at 16.4. In 1960, the last year of the Baby Boom and the warm sunset of Ike's halcyon years, the rate dipped to 8.5. At the height of the Vietnam War, it was 10.6. By 2008, it was 7.3, less than half the figure in 1946 and below the rate of 9.2 in 1930, the height of the Great Depression.

This is bad. Very bad. Yet, however bad it is, and however thoroughly the liberal elites think they have brainwashed the masses into accepting clerically approved sodomy and a brave new world of cloned humans, the national numbers do not tell the whole story. Statistics paint a bleak picture of the undifferentiated mass of Americans, but they also show that sundry Americans view marriage and children differently. So-called Red State Americans marry earlier and have more children than Blue State Americans. The childless, left-coast sodomites who went nuclear after voters approved California's Proposition 8, which sought to ban sodomite "marriage," can blow up as often as they want, but they can't change nature. In the end, leftist sexual ideology is suicidal.

Indeed, it is so suicidal that it cannot garner support from two key constituencies who typically vote for leftists: blacks and Hispanics. True, in California, both groups voted overwhelmingly in favor of Barack Obama; but they also voted in favor of Proposition 8 by 70 and 53 percent, respectively. And many of the Hispanics who voted for Prop 8 were likely immigrants or the children of immigrants. Does this mean that proponents of unrestricted immigration are right when they tout the "family values" of Hispanic immigrants who are flooding this country? Do open borders have a positive effect on marriage in the United States?

Vanderbilt University anthropologist Virginia Abernethy has argued in these pages that excessive immigration has a negative effect on marriage rates among the native-born population. In March 2004, she noted that insecurity about the future—a by-product of the diminishing prosperity that results, in part, from excessive immigration—delays marriage and may even drive some toward homosexuality:

> Working their way through the economy and political system, demographic changes have steadily undercut the middle class. . . . Both the numbers of nonassimilated newcomers and their effect on the economy create stress. . . . The 30-year depression in the labor market and debt that grows in lockstep with our consumer culture discourage both mar-

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R. Cort Kirkwood, a frequent contributor to Chronicles, *is the author of* Real Men: Ten Courageous Americans To Know And Admire *(Cumberland House).*

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riage and the responsibilities of parenthood. Postponed commitments evolve into singles lifestyles. A singles lifestyle is the default option in life, "chosen" through inaction and the passage of time. Meager chances for forming a traditional family increase the attractiveness of "alternative" lifestyles. Thus, some young people may try out, or at least become open to, homosexuality, a variant of the singles culture.

In May 1999, Abernethy wrote that immigration reduces the fertility rates of heterosexual Americans who either do not get married or delay having children during marriage because financial resources are precarious or lacking.

> Newcomers to the United States often do not share the trepidation of natives who sense that opportunity for themselves and their children is deteriorating and, therefore, feel compelled to husband resources by limiting family size. Newcomers feel well off because economic opportunity is usually greater than in the country left behind, the social safety net is stronger and broader, and educational opportunities for children are often far superior. Not surprisingly, those coming from a culture where large family size is highly valued feel free to raise their childbearing target to a number closer to their ideal. Comparisons suggest that some immigrants—Mexicans for example—have larger families in the United States than if they had remained at home where opportunities are more limited. Different perceptions of opportunity—as well as values—result in different fertility rates. If native-born Americans are to replace themselves in future generations, their fertility rate should rise and immigrant fertility should fall (converging on replacement level), and immigration itself should be reduced to an annual flow no greater than the number which would just replace immigrants who leave the United States.

In other words, the increasing economic distress many native-born Americans now face won't help marriage and fertility. And recent data show that Abernethy's argument about immigrant birthrates was spot on. For the massive wave of illegal immigrants who crashed onto American shores during the last four decades, life was better. They came, they saw, they reproduced.

But they didn't marry. As Heather Mac Donald reported in *City Magazine* in 2006, the open-borders crowd really needs to stop crowing about the "family values" of Hispanics, given the explosion in illegitimacy that followed the tsunami of illegal immigration. "Hispanic women have the highest unmarried birthrate in the country," she wrote,

> over three times that of whites and Asians, and nearly one and a half times that of black women, according to the Centers for Disease Control. Every 1,000 unmarried Hispanic women bore 92 children in 2003 . . . compared with 28 children for every 1,000 unmarried white women, 22 for every 1,000 unmarried Asian women, and 66 for every 1,000 unmarried black women.

Most of these illegitimate Hispanic children are Mexicans. When Mac Donald penned her article, the teen birthrate for Mexican immigrants to the United States was 93 births per 1,000 girls. Those numbers did not improve in 2006, as data from the National Center for Health Statistics show. Nearly 50 percent of births to Hispanic women in 2006 were illegitimate, which far outpaced the overall rate of illegitimacy of 38.5 percent. The illegitimacy rate for black women is 70 percent, but the 2006 numbers on black and Hispanic illegitimacy don't tell the story about how dreadful the Hispanic number is. In 1990, the rate for Hispanic illegitimacy was 36.7 percent; for blacks 66.5 percent. So Hispanic illegitimacy since 1990 has increased over 13 points to 49.9, while black illegitimacy increased just 3.5 points.

Mac Donald's anecdotal evidence explains why Hispanics don't care about marriage. A doctor in Orange, California, said that Hispanic girls—again, mostly Mexicans—"view having a child at their age as normal." In addition,

> teens' parents view having babies outside of marriage as normal, too. A lot of the grandmothers are single as well; they never married, or they had successive partners. So the mom sends the message to her daughter that it's okay to have children out of wedlock.

"Marriage is clearly no longer one of those family values" among Hispanics that the immigration enthusiasts keep telling us about, Mac Donald notes. "But other kinds of traditional Hispanic values have survived—not all of them necessarily ideal in a modern economy, however. One of them is the importance of having children early and often."

As David Popenoe of the National Marriage Project at Rutgers University wrote in "The Social Health of Marriage in America" (2007), Hispanic immigrants are unlikely to take

> our culture in a more traditional direction. . . . Hispanics seem to have assimilated into the American culture of secular individualism more than the reverse. For example, the unwed birth percentage among Hispanics has jumped from 19 percent in 1980 to 48 percent in 2005 and stands well above the percentage for the non-Hispanic White population (25 percent). Hispanics have the same divorce rate as non-Hispanic Whites, and in recent years their rate of non-marital cohabitation has grown faster than that of any other immigrant group. These

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trends contradict earlier expectations that Hispanics might bring this nation a new wave of family traditionalism.

These data point to an unpleasant but indisputable truth: Hispanics in the United States are prone to birthing bastards, and American taxpayers are footing the bill.

In spite of the grim statistics, Americans, particularly Hispanic immigrants, at least have the correct view about the nature of marriage, if the recent vote on Proposition 8 is any indication. Still, the question remains: Why don't Hispanics seem to care about marriage in practice? One answer might be that neither American society at large nor their own families and communities expect them to. The millions of illegal immigrants who surged across our borders during the last 40 years of sexual rebellion were, like so many native Americans, caught up in the orgy.

The rest of the country mirrors this trend. Despite waning marriage and waxing illegitimacy rates, since 1998, anti-"gay marriage" amendments have passed in every state where they have appeared on the ballot, often by overwhelming margins. Florida, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, Virginia, and Wisconsin, like California, all went for Obama. Yet all of them have passed marriage amendments since 2002. Unsurprisingly, most of the states with marriage amendments were or are Red States, where marriage rates and fertility are higher and fewer couples shack up. The higher rate of bastardy in Red States is attributable to blacks and Hispanics, as Popenoe shows.

So, despite uncontrolled immigration, the continued hard leftism of minorities, and the collapsing number of marriages and demands of organized buggery, most Americans—white, black, and Hispanic—still believe marriage is a union of one man and one woman. A trace of normalcy remains. ◁©▷

Downy Woodpecker, Up Close

by Maryann Corbett

and I'm thinking *dappled thing*:
the black/white speckled wings,
the starkly bright-white back,

not the quotidian brown
of house sparrow or starling,
but feeder-festivity,
high-contrast apparition,

so that I'm staring, certain
the red spot on the head
over the crossed white bands
is sacred legend somewhere,

while the point pecking the suet
in that jerky springing yes sprung
rhythm, jolting (with such exactness)
the spatter at the crown,

keeps holding my eye, and now
no stopping pieces of poem
flaming out in my brain

while the bright white, stark black
undergo re-vision
to the wimple and veil of one
who taught me (ah!) bright wings.

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Moonstruck Morality *Versus* the Cosmos

by Hugh Barbour, O.Praem.

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon . . .
terrible as an army with banners?"

—Song of Songs 6:10

"*Si direbbe che persino la luna si è affrettata stasera—osservatelo in alto—a guardare a questo spettacolo.*" ("One might almost think that the moon—just look at him up there—hurried up tonight to see this spectacle.") These were words that Pope John XXIII extemporaneously addressed to the crowd gathered in Piazza San Pietro on the moonlit evening of October 11, 1962, the opening day of the Second Vatican Council. The blessed pontiff spoke warmly of his expectation that the council would conclude "*prima di Natale*," which being interpreted is "before Christmas." On this point at least, "Good Pope John" was not a prophet. But how could he have thought otherwise? Everything had been meticulously prepared; the documents were all ready, expounding the Faith and refuting modern errors with vigor and copious footnotes. Well, no, as the saying goes, "the Rhine flowed into the Tiber," and by Christmas the carefully worded schemata were practically all gone (except the "easy" one on liturgy: another less-than-prophetic but, in this case, collegial, not papal, surmise), and the council's work indefinitely to-be-continued.

January 25 of this year marked the 50th anniversary of the surprise announcement of Pope John XXIII that he intended to convoke a general council. From 1959 to 1962, the soon-to-be-jettisoned constitutions and decrees that would have been discussed were composed by preparatory committees of eminent Roman theologians. Among these is one document that is remarkable for its keen prescience and consequent pastoral anxiety. It never even made it to the floor of the council. Its full title was *Schema Constitutionis Dogmaticae de Castitate, Matrimonio, Familia, Virginitate*. Yes, there was a separate dogmatic constitution on chastity (marital, familial, and virginal) and every word of it now reads like a prophecy—not a Delphic utterance, but as clear-sighted as Daniel. Reading the rejected schema, one cannot help but be struck by the sharp focus and clarity whereby chastity and all that opposes it in the modern world were confronted. Nor can one deny—without questioning the value of the many other matters treated by the council—that in the face of all that has come to pass in the meantime this precision and firmness would have been the greatest thing the council might have offered to the world.

Practically every moral threat in the realm of human sexuality is addressed. It deals with homosexuality: "It is most evil to hold that the most filthy affections for persons of the same sex are in fact a privilege of a higher level of culture." It deals with surgical sex changes: "Utterly wicked are those attempts to change one's proper sex when it can be sufficiently determined." Genetic manipulation: "In no case can a right be given . . . to introduce into the human body procreative cells of another species, or the inverse, or to unite human cells from either sex in a laboratory . . . even if only the progress of science be intended." Sex education: "[T]hat kind of instruction is to reprobated which is in the presence of boys and girls together." Feminism:

> The Synod reproves that evil form of emancipation by which the proper nature, function, and role of a woman are defiled, be she daughter, or wife, or mother, on account of the introduction of a false opinion of her equality with man . . . and moved by a false exaltation of freedom.

Immoral politicians: "The Synod most severely condemns those who directly assist or formally cooperate in establishing unjust laws regarding marriage and the family." The intrusion of civil government in education: "The Sacred Synod condemns as well all theories by which in whatsoever way the rights of the church and of the family regarding the education of children are denied or whereby the primary right in this matter is attributed to civil authority." The impeding of procreation by artificial means and the discouraging of fruitful families:

> The Sacred Synod while it most insistently exhorts all that each one should according to his ability effectively assist families bearing a large number of children, at the same time severely reproves the recommending or spreading of immoral means of contraception for the limiting of children.

The objective origin and nature of marriage itself:

> In the first place this Holy Synod takes up the duty

Fr. Hugh is prior of St. Michael's Abbey in Trabuco Canyon, California.

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> to condemn all the radical errors of those who maintain that marriage in its order and establishment is a merely social phenomenon in continual evolution without any natural or supernatural weight, and that it does not come from God, nor is it subject to the Church.

The prohibition of civil dissolution of marriage: "Married persons are gravely forbidden from seeking a civil divorce as though it were properly a dissolution, as if a bond valid before God could be dissolved by civil authority." Legal sanctions against adultery: "It is erroneous to assert that the civil authority in no case enjoys the power of punishing both men and women adulterers." Contraception: "All means and techniques whereby in the use of marriage the procreation of offspring is impeded by human industry must be held to be intrinsically and gravely evil." Procured abortion: "It is illicit after the accomplishment of the conjugal act to interrupt the process of conception whatever stage it has reached, or to cause the direct destruction of the fetus not yet born, by which action they sin gravely against the commandment of God." Unnatural relations: "The chaste fidelity of spouses demands that in the mutual rendering of the marriage debt nothing should be done which is against the law of God, even if this imposes real acts of heroism." And finally, the mass media of entertainment:

> With supreme aversion this Sacred Synod acknowledges how many and how great are the detestable traps set today against chastity . . . even though they are offered under the pretext of play, recreation, art, and information whereby souls are every moment and in every place, even at home, incited to evil, nay rather dragged to it.

These are only a selection of quotations. There was much more. The language is strong, precise, and formal, and most evidently not devoid of that note of indignation which commonly characterized the magisterial reproofs of days gone by.

What the council did finally say about marriage is to be found a chapter of the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*. The tone of this document, in contrast to the original, is hortatory rather than definitive, using personalistic descriptive affirmation rather than essentialistic formal definition and condemnation. In so doing, it clearly decries abortion and divorce, and mildly opposes contraception, but only refers in passing to the objective order of nature, while preferring to emphasize the experiential and contextual aspects of conjugal morality. Given that the two documents do not contradict each other, what is the key to understanding the difference of outlook and—if I may deal in mere, alas, futuribilia—of outcome? I was puzzling over this, until I came across some prohibitions in the "condition contrary to fact" schema that really struck me for their amazing foresight, and which regarded, not the various moral monstrosities condemned above, but rather opinions held by pious Catholics. Here is an error, but a telling one: "The Sacred Synod reproves also the opinion of those who assert that the use of marriage is a specific means of attaining that perfection whereby truly and properly Man is the image of God and of the Most Holy Trinity."

But isn't this practically what many today teach? That the marriage act itself, and not the married state or the bond of sacramental marriage, is a direct sign of the end of human existence: ecstatic union with God? Do we not hear that the Song of Songs is not "just" a mystical allegory, but rather a description of how to get union with God by means of sex, albeit marital and chaste? Are not marital relations sometimes referred to by preachers as the supreme and privileged signs of God's love? Isn't this so much the case now that it almost sounds unchristian to assert otherwise? Haven't the dour strictures of Saint Augustine and Saint Alphonsus been surpassed?

Then I came across another passage just as telling: "The opinion is false and erroneous which holds that a marriage may be declared invalid or be dissolved on account of lack of love alone."

I am sure that such a lack would, if attested to before a diocesan tribunal in the United States today, almost infallibly obtain just such a (fallible) declaration of nullity. The reader is asking: "You mean to tell me that love is not a necessary condition for the validity of a marriage?"

Now I would be the last to deny that there may be some individual cases in which these two prohibited opinions could be taken as true, but their condemnation here is aiming at the common good, not at individual exceptions, which can be dealt with individually. For example, the first proposition was true in a sense before Original Sin, and the second could be true if lack of love meant deceitful malice. But there was a Fall, and there is such a thing as a minimum requirement for a valid marriage that has nothing to do with . . . *romance*.

There! I found it. Here is the problem within the fold, which has practically furnished the enemies of sound morality with a weapon to turn against us: the romanticization of marriage and procreation. This is the vulgar version of the personalist approach to sex, which has its undoubtedly orthodox incarnations, but which is unable to take up arms against the enemy it is so eager to convince of the deeply fulfilling, richly complex experience of marital love. The enemy is at the gate, and instead of aiming at him from the safety of your turrets and routing him, you attempt to show him what a lovely, serene, and productive city he is about to destroy. In order to do this you must let him inside the gate. If he is clever, he will ask you to let his companions in also, and so they occupy the city without a fight.

The teaching of the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World* on marriage and the family is sublime

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and true, but, in view of the evils in the modern world and the undoubted "signs of the times" evident in the moral state of our society, it hardly met the challenge. The enemies of Christian morality are relentless and cruel and brook no resistance, and we are trying our best to reassure them that we are not mean, or uptight, or hateful; that we have a "positive message"; that it is all so beautiful, if they only knew. It is as though Lot should have passed out happy-face buttons to the men beating down his door, or Joseph should have tried to sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with Potiphar's wife. The effect of this is that our opponents do not change a bit, but rather those on our own side begin to view the robust expression of our teachings with suspicion. Let's be honest: Were we not just a bit troubled by the unapologetic tone of at least some of the affirmations given from the original schema on chastity, marriage, family, and virginity? And how many Christians were and are and surely will be very quiet about their reservations regarding so-called same-sex marriage, lest they sound like they do not respect the attachment and warm feelings and needs of such couples?

The enemies of Christian morality are relentless and cruel and brook no resistance, and we are trying our best to reassure them that we are not mean, or uptight, or hateful; that we have a "positive message"; that it is all so beautiful, if they only knew.

What is at the root of this? We still believe that the acts prohibited in the original schema are wrong, but we are ill at ease when these acts are reprobated in a certain manner. This is because we have romanticized sexuality. Here are the words of a dissenting voice at the council when the new schema on marriage, the one that was ultimately approved by the council, was being proposed in place of the original. Archbishop Djajasepoetra of Jakarta in Indonesia complained—in Latin—at the council's third session in 1964:

> The schema is too Occidental . . . You in the West find it quite natural for those in love to marry. But you are the exceptions if humanity as a whole is considered. Our people love one another because they are married, which is not quite the same thing. We differ from Westerners in that our marriages are contracted not out of love but by the will of the parents or tribe. We marry to continue the race.

The romanticization of sexual love in marriage has led to the subordination of its objective cosmological role in the procreation of the human race to human desire and personal need. "Our people love one another because they are married." This is a love of the common good of the family, or the tribe, or the nation, or of the whole human race. On this view marriage is as much a matter of the common, public good as warfare, or capital punishment, or a stable means of exchange. Of this perspective we have great need, and there are signs that it is being gradually recovered, if not with the rotund reprobations of the preconciliar age (these are now reserved only for certain offenses judged to be worthy of condemnation by the media), at least with the clear, essentialist thinking that looks unflinchingly and unromantically at the nature of things.

Just this past December the Vatican Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith issued an instruction on certain bioethical issues, among which was found the resolution of the question of the "prenatal adoption" into the womb of frozen embryos that would otherwise never be carried, the so-called "snowflake babies." Very much to the dismay of some (but admittedly not all) personalist moralists, the Holy See came down decidedly against this apparently merciful "saving" of a fertilized ovum, a human life. Why? Because not even the praiseworthy intention of saving a single life can justify an unnatural means of procreation outside of the marriage act. The document contains this amazing statement: "All things considered, it needs to be recognized that the thousands of abandoned embryos represent a *situation of injustice which in fact cannot be resolved*" (emphasis original). Analogously, the Holy See has also resolutely opposed the adoption of children already born by same-sex couples, and Catholic adoption agencies have ended their services in places like the United Kingdom where the state will not allow them to refuse to place children with such couples. The good pro-life Christian may not see the analogy, but both are attempts to remedy an injustice or misfortune by immoral means. In short, a romanticizing ethic absolutizes personal human desire or need; the ancient cosmological ethic accepts the limitations of human life and does the best it can in order to serve the common good.

The moon that looked down on the spectacle of the council is, after all, in ancient and medieval cosmology the immediate cause of the bodily dispositions needed for procreation. *Omnis motus genituraе fit a luna*: "Every movement of the generative faculty is from the moon," said Albert the Great. The lunar connection was inferred from women's monthly cycle. Just this last Epiphany, in speaking of the star of Bethlehem, the star of the greatest of procreations, Pope Benedict made this observation about the ancient, cosmological *Weltanschauung*: "There is a special concept of the cosmos in Christianity which found its loftiest expression in medieval philosophy and theology." May the lunar star pointed out by Pope John at the opening of the council be at last a genuine prophecy and sign of a return to the order of things, the visible cosmos of the Creator, of which we poor men born of woman are but a part, albeit the noblest. And then, perhaps, men will love their wives because they are married to them, and that will be something for the moon—in our hemisphere at least—to hurry up and see. ◁

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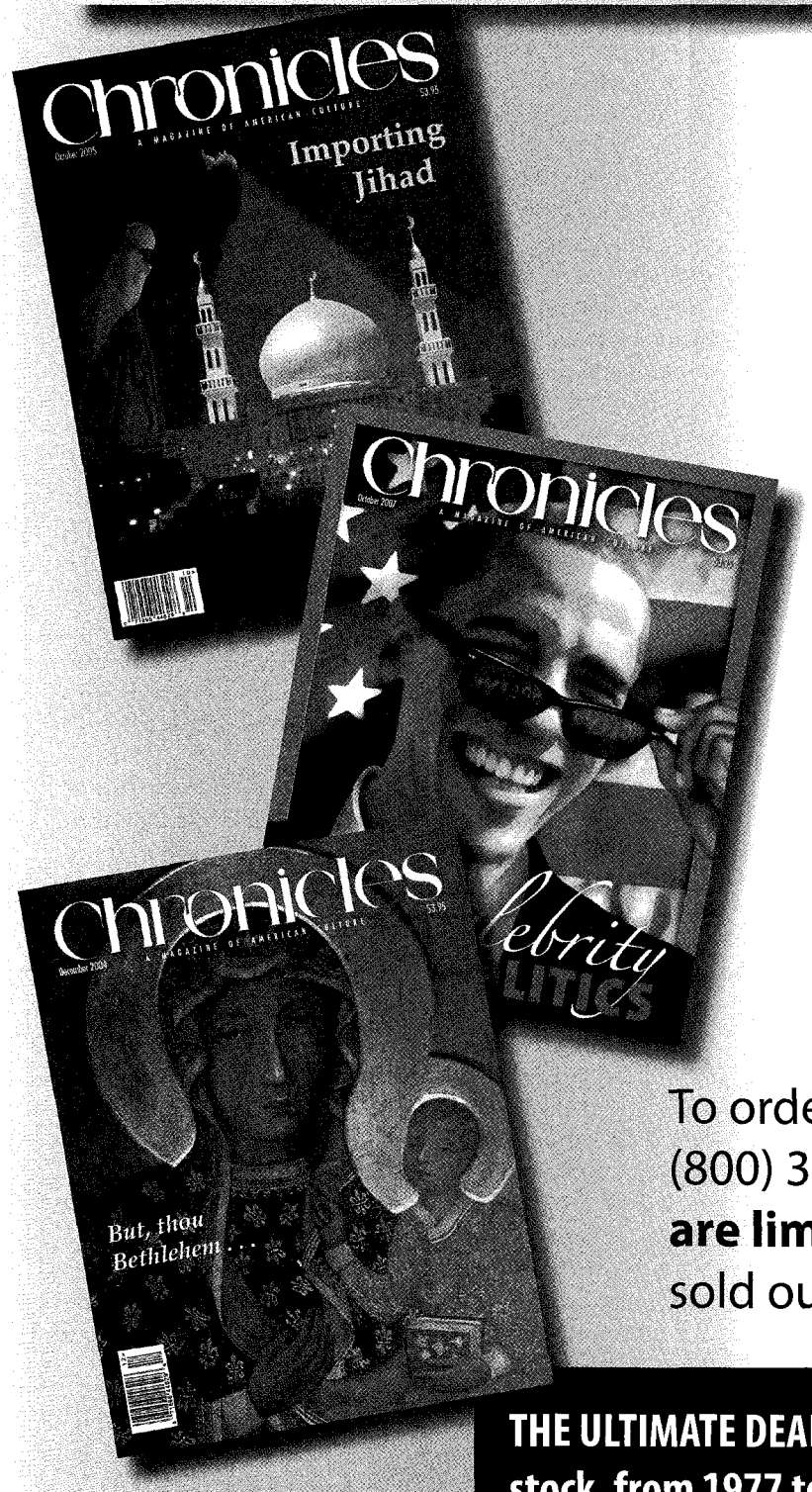

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School of Rape

From Health Class to Hotties

by Beverly K. Eakman

America's educational landscape is being transformed under the cover of "health." This transformation began with sex education, which once was relegated to a subunit of physiology that addressed the science of human reproduction. But sex education suddenly required its own graphic, stand-alone how-to course, then morphed into a "nonjudgmental" monstrosity designed to transmit knowledge of contraception and sex diseases.

Today's "health classes" are little more than "mental-health" classes. In health class, students participate in tell-all depression surveys like TeenScreen (with accompanying curricula); stress-reduction exercises (*e.g.*, yoga); and "conflict resolution," which assigns moral equivalence to all behaviors. They learn about substance-abuse and smoking prevention, birth-control methods, alternative families, self-esteem, and so on. What they scarcely have time for is health. Who needs lessons on nutrition, dental hygiene, or the digestive, lymphatic, skeletal, or nervous systems, much less useful information about the brain, such as the physiology or warning signs of strokes or Alzheimer's?

The latest emphasis is on "dating violence." This effort began in Rhode Island in response to a terrible crime. In September 2005, 23-year-old Lindsay Burke had her throat slashed by an obsessed ex-boyfriend with whom she apparently had lived until he became abusive. Her grief-stricken parents vowed to turn the tragedy into something positive: They would warn other girls about the signs of potentially abusive relationships. Their campaign led the Rhode Island legislature to pass the Lindsay Ann Burke Act (2007), which requires public middle schools and high schools to teach children about dating violence in health classes.

Nebraska has long been a hotbed of controversial health classes. (One adolescent questionnaire that was part of a Nebraska public-school curriculum asked, "What do you think about when you think of sex?") Unsurprisingly, the state is eager to adopt Rhode Island's model legislation on dating violence. That is a typical scenario for ensuring a program "goes national." Political savvy in marketing is characteristic, too. Clothing manufacturer Liz Claiborne Inc. was enlisted to help push the Burke Act in the Cornhusker State.

As a victim of a violent stepparent, I can assure you that people change over time. An abuser may start out as the most thoughtful person in the world and then, years later, when things go wrong in life, turn on family members.

In any case, projects such as this are not the prerogative of schools. They belong to parents, who, for all their faults, remain the best guides for children. The Church, too, should spend more time focusing on troubled parishioners than on politically expedient feel-good projects in far-flung countries. Law enforcement also has a responsibility: Despite stalking laws (inaugurated during the years when I worked for the Department of Justice), police still typically ignore pleas for help until violence has been committed. Any attempt to enlist the "soft interventions" of mental-health specialists and social workers (as opposed to law enforcement) frequently results in more death, injury, or trauma than would have occurred with no such intervention. A curriculum like Rhode Island's may do more harm than good.

Educational institutions should be about four things only: creating a literate citizenry, capable of self-government; teaching financial independence (because doing so helps ensure political stability); uplifting the level of the general culture (through an emphasis on the arts as an outlet for creativity); and bolstering moral standards consistent with the Anglo-American tradition, which undergird representative democracy. Any activity that does not accommodate one of those goals has no place in a tax-supported environment.

Remember 17-year-old Virginia Commonwealth University freshman Taylor Marie Behl, whose decomposed body was found in a ravine in 2005? She was murdered by a 38-year-old sexual partner who was also involved in child pornography. Yet, despite all of the news stories in recent years about young women caught up in abusive relationships with boyfriends, adults still have not figured out that pre-adolescent dating and trial live-in arrangements do not serve women well. The fact is, women (especially those in the 17-25 age group) are far more likely to be abused in a noncommitted, intimate relationship. The

Beverly K. Eakman, retired from the Department of Justice's Civil Rights Office, is a lecturer and the author of four books on mental-health issues, privacy, and education. Her latest is Walking Targets: How Our Psychologized Classrooms Are Producing a Nation of Sitting Ducks *(Midnight Whistler Publishers).*

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old taboos against nonmarital sex existed for a reason. Schools imagine that these became irrelevant once birth control was common and easy. What became common and easy were women, and society (including police) became reluctant to come to their aid. Now the Supreme Court has taken the death penalty off the table as a sentence for such formerly capital crimes as child rape. In Maryland, some 12,000 violent sex offenders, all out on parole, were given "no candy at this residence" signs to post on Halloween. (The program was scrubbed when it became the butt of late-night TV jokes.) Rape, a crime that is so often debilitating to women and girls, emotionally and physically, is no longer worthy of retributive justice.

Another culprit in dating violence is the marketing of early dating and sexuality, including "kinky" sex, to ever-younger age groups. Schools (both public and private) push mixed dances in elementary school. Our society has embraced racy clothing for nine- and ten-year-olds. Modesty is no longer inculcated in youngsters in any of our institutions, leaving responsible parents with no backup. T-shirts sporting such expressions as "super-stud," "hottie," and "future porn star" are ubiquitous in schools, including elementary schools. Licentious TV shows such as *Grey's Anatomy* and *Desperate Housewives* entice kids with commercials broadcast during what was formerly called the "family hour."

Consequently, boys grow into young men who lack the urge to be protective of females. The marketing of violent sex in schools, clothing, teen magazines, film, video games, and on television is not enriching our society. Instead, we are turning back the clock to a time when life was cheap and women were chattel. Churches, religious organizations and educational institutions should be throwing a hissy fit, not "recognizing modern sexual trends."

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The best thing that our schools could do would be to return to their primary function of transmitting academic knowledge. That includes health classes, but not in their present configuration. ◁

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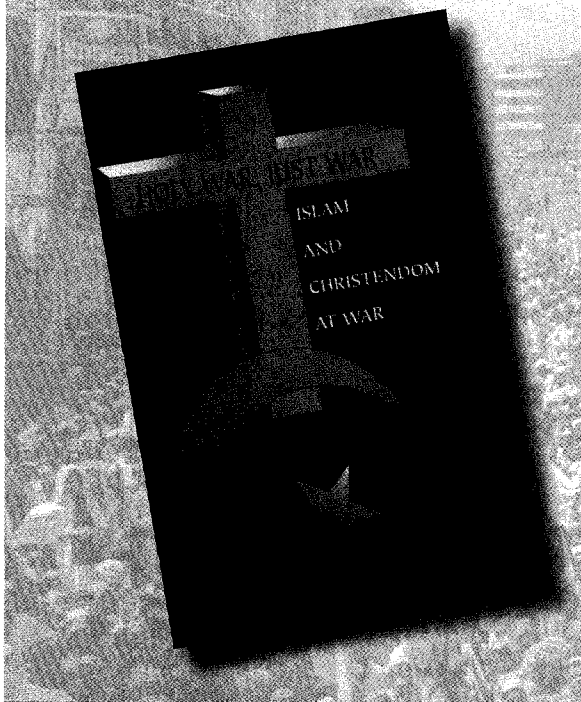

Holy War, Just War

Islam and Christendom at War

by Roberto de Mattei

"The term 'clash of civilizations' is not a palatable one in political and media circles," writes Roberto de Mattei, but it is the only proper framework for understanding how the fundamental theological differences between Christianity and Islam inform the way their adherents wage war. In this important work, he explains these differences with careful scholarship and defends with eloquence the "lawfulness of war against an enemy who is attacking the West, with the aim of establishing a moral and social order that is radically opposed to our history and tradition."

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by Taki Theodoracopulos

Burning Down Camelot

One of the more annoying gaucheries of the British tabloid press is that of always referring to the Kennedys as "American royalty." Back in 1963, with JFK still alive and in the White House, I escorted C.Z. Guest, a true American patrician, to a Park Avenue party given by Sam Spiegel, producer of *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, and other such megahits. The place was full of Kennedy acolytes and brothers-in-law. I knew Peter Lawford well, a terrible drunk and a very mean-spirited, unpleasant man who pimped for JFK. Steve Smith, married to Jean Kennedy, was much nicer but also a heavy drinker. When I introduced him to C.Z. he said something crude, and she walked away. When I asked her what he had said, she dismissed it, saying, "What can one expect nowadays from a shanty Irishman like him?"

"What's a shanty Irishman?" I asked.

"People like the Kennedys," said C.Z.

Oh, well, that was 45 years ago, when people would say such a thing, as opposed to now, when people think it but dare not say it. Back then elitism ruled, but now no words arouse the wrath of the mean-minded with greater certainty than the words *elite* and *elitist*. To the envious and the resentful they have connotations of conspiracy, unearned privilege, injustice, and illicit self-enrichment, to the exclusion of everyone else. Politicians and the press love to use the words in a pejorative way, appealing to mindless egalitarianism and stirring up hatred and paranoia.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Without elites and elitism, man would still be in the caves. Every achievement of civilization is the achievement of an elite. Mind you, most people confuse the word *elitist* with *snob*. They are yoked in a common pillory, as creatures whom any decent man would shun. In fact, they are quite different types. A snob is a despicable person who attaches exaggerated importance to birth and wealth, looks down on people without either, and claims unfounded friendships with the eminent. Elitists, on the other hand, are people who have gained distinction by their own efforts, whatever their profession or trade. When C.Z. used the word *shanty*, she was, admittedly, being snobbish, but she was, after all, playing at being snobby. Had she not been a lady she would have repeated Smith's crude advance. Snobbishness is unmerited and cruel. The last thing C.Z. Guest was trying to be was cruel.

Which brings me to Caroline Kennedy. That is her maiden name. She is now Caroline Schlossberg, but the snobs in the media prefer to call her Caroline Kennedy. I have no idea as of this writing whether Governor Peterson will appoint her junior senator, and frankly I don't care. One more incompetent in the Senate will make absolutely no difference. American democracy has been sold to the highest bidder, and those elected or appointed have long ago sold out to special interests. If she's appointed, all it will prove is that the governor is a snob. She certainly hasn't done anything to deserve being called an elite.

Snobbism has great allure. One time last year I sat down at a table and was introduced to a young woman who went by the name of Hearst. "Who is your mother?" I asked her, as I know a few female Hearsts.

"It's Patty," she told me. Which meant that the young woman's name was Shaw, not Hearst, as children have been assuming their father's surname since time immemorial. If my daughter and son called themselves princess and prince Schoenburg, I would really take umbrage. Plain old Theodoracopulos will do nicely for them, as both my children are as far removed from snobbism as is possible.

Let's face it: Snobs do not count as elite. What I find quite amusing is the fact that in America people brag about their country being—unlike Europe—a true democracy. Privilege of birth does not count. Surely they are right. That is why we have Bushes in the White House, Kennedys in the Senate and the House, Clintons in the White House and the Senate, and Rockefellers as veep and senators. Whereas in Europe we have a Sarkozy in France, whose old man was a gigolo type one step away from the law; a Brown in Britain, son of a low-church minister; and a Berlusconi in Italy who, once upon a time, made his living singing on a cruise liner.

See what I mean about snobbism? The Kennedys have a long history of it. Back in 1964, they got Pat Brown, the Democratic governor of California, to appoint JFK's ex-press secretary Pierre Salinger to finish the term of a senator who had died. A little later, Salinger was trounced in the polls in the biggest Republican landslide ever, and by an actor to boot, George Murphy. I suppose Californians were not as snobby back then as they are now.

Cheap demagoguery confuses an elite not only with snobbism but with an oligarchy. The Kennedy, Bush, and Clinton oligarchies are a joke. An elite exists by virtue of its superiority, both aesthetic and intellectual. Saying "you know?" 200 times in ten minutes is hardly intellectual. Elitism is open to new talent—indeed, welcomes it. Naming Hillary secretary of state has as much merit as naming Monica Lewinsky head of protocol. Long live elitism. Down with snobbery. ◈

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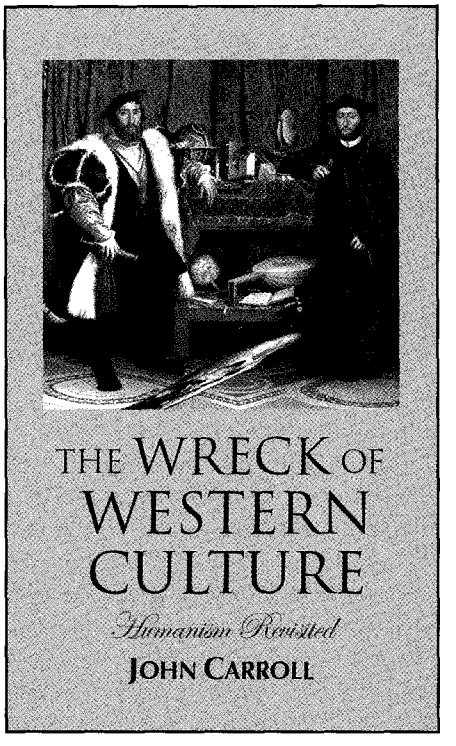
Romancing the Skull

by Jack Trotter

"I have found little 'good' about human beings.
In my experience, most of them are trash."

—Sigmund Freud

The Wreck of Western Culture: Humanism Revisited
by John Carroll
Wilmington, DE: ISI Books;
270 pp., $28.00



An old professor of mine once joked that ecumenism was a case of "the bland leading the bland," an epithet that could just as appropriately describe contemporary humanism. Cast your net at Google, and you will haul in a wriggling boatload of rational humanists, ethical humanists, anarchohumanists, scientific humanists, vegan humanists, "gay and lesbian" humanists, and, of course, transsexual transhumanists. Nor must we forget their fellow-traveler Christian, Jewish, and Muslim humanists. However diverse, they are all infected with the same urge to babble endlessly and sentimentally about the essential goodness of humanity.

This past year, the American Humanist Association launched a holiday ad campaign. Its slogan, "Why believe in God? Just be good for goodness' sake," invited us to consider anew just how precious we really are. Of course, most Americans these days are already convinced of their goodness, so it hardly seems to matter whether they believe in God.

Jack Trotter writes from Charleston, South Carolina.

As John Carroll's latest book reminds us, humanism once possessed more gravitas. At its instauration in the 15th century, Renaissance humanism was a formidable force forged by the talents of formidable men. Whatever one might think of their movement, men such as Ficino, Pico, Colet, Erasmus, More, Petrarch, Rabelais, Montaigne, and Bacon were intellectual giants by comparison with the pygmies who cavort in their borrowed robes today. They were, in Carroll's words, "a procession of great men" whose "works of statecraft, ideas, art and science" made a compelling case for Pico's dictum (from the *Oration on the Dignity of Man*): "We can become what we will." What is essential in Pico's declaration is its stark emphasis on the autonomy of the human will. Humanism sought, in its salad days, nothing less than the restoration of the City of Man. Medieval Catholicism had taught, by contrast, that human life was a brief and fearful pilgrimage toward the City of God. The pilgrim was not encouraged to concern himself overmuch with rebuilding what the Almighty had torn asunder. Saint Augustine had made it clear that the collapse of the imperial splendors of Rome was divine punishment for idolatry and sensual depravity. But, as the interregnum wore on and the eagerly awaited Second Coming failed to occur, cities like Paris and Florence grew wealthy and powerful. The monastic monopoly on learning began to yield to the great universities. Gradually, and perhaps inevitably, the learned began to avert their gazes from the Heavenly City and to contemplate the potentialities of the terrestrial realm. It was out of such centers of learning, which were increasingly preoccupied with the arts and letters of classical antiquity, that Renaissance humanism was born.

While many humanists, including Ficino and Pico, drew upon Neoplatonic doctrines that emphasized in quasi-gnostic fashion the divinization of man, many others remained piously attached to traditional Christian teaching. Nevertheless, a common thread runs through the productions of all the humanists of the period. Even a man like Thomas More, whose piety was positively medieval, was capable of producing his *Utopia*, which

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envisions a city-state in which social planning has resulted in a communal paradise free of want and political corruption. To be sure, a vein of satire runs through *Utopia*, but as the late Eric Voegelin once noted, it is disturbing that so orthodox a Catholic could engage in such a thought experiment at all. Carroll argues that the "central task" of the Renaissance was to replace the "I am that I am" of the Old Testament with the "I am, where the I is the individual being." Carroll is fond of sweeping generalizations, and this is one of them; however, in retrospect it does appear that the internal logic of the early humanist position was always leading toward an assertion of the individual will's independence of divine sanction, even if that assertion would not become fully explicit until the Enlightenment.

As Carroll tells the story, the humanist movement was almost strangled in its crib. "Christianity," he writes, "had focused itself in all its formative intensity on the crucifixion, on one tragic image of death and its transcendence. Humanism had to find a credible alternative." Its efforts to find a place to stand upon the primacy of will and reason encountered a trenchant adversary in the person of Martin Luther. In his prolonged assault on Erasmus' *Discourse on Free Will*, the German Augustinian gave no quarter: Free will, he argued in *The Bondage of the Will*, is an illusion; Original Sin had obliterated man's freedom and crippled the will. Man's only hope for an escape from the specter of death lay in the "darkness" of faith: "Faith belongs with the night demons, out of the securing light of human order, down there where the torch of reason cannot penetrate." The humanist "I am" was merely vain posturing and could only lead to a presumptuous quest to nullify divine authority.

This analysis of the Reformation attack on humanist presumption is nothing new. However, part of the appeal of Carroll's book is that he moves easily from theological polemics to works of the imagination. In Hans Holbein's *The Ambassadors* (1533), Carroll finds evidence of the existential crisis that humanism faced in its infancy. Holbein is one of those who, early on, sniffed out the odor of death in the humanist endeavor. *The Ambassadors* pictures two sumptuously attired French diplomats standing on each side of a set of shelves laden with various books and implements (a globe, geometrical instruments, an astrolabe, a book of mathematics) that identify them as quintessential Renaissance men. However, in the foreground of the painting, dominating its central space, is a flattened object rendered in anamorphic perspective that, viewed from the side of the painting, proves to be a skull. In Carroll's view, the death's head is a "grim mockery" of the humanist glorification of the will:

> The two men are under its sway. Pale in their unconscious fear, they recognize that they have been turned to stone, with their cultural toys powerless to help. . . . Death is the master, and there is no other.

Equally skeptical of the humanist project at its outset was Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Carroll asserts that the melancholic Danish prince may be understood as the quintessential humanist. What motivates his famous "delay" in revenging his father's murder is his awareness of death, that "consummation" he both longs for and dreads. Reasoning on death, the humanist Hamlet suffers from paralysis of the will. Reason alone can find no place to stand. Much in what Carroll has to say of Hamlet's morbid preoccupation with death rings true, but there is much that is questionable. For example, he simply ignores the evidence that Hamlet has serious doubts about the provenance of the Ghost that claims to be his murdered father. Indeed, it is those doubts that motivate much of the delay and lead to the staging of the famous Mousetrap scene, for Hamlet must have evidence that the Ghost speaks the truth. This may be rationalization covering a deeper malady of the will, but Carroll doesn't say so, and his case would be stronger if he made some effort to account for evidence that seems to challenge his position.

Humanism, according to Carroll, survived the crisis of its origins for two reasons: It rode on the coattails of the stupendous success of the Scientific Revolution of the 17th and 18th centuries, and it reached a mutually beneficial accommodation with the Calvinist bourgeoisie. While Calvinism managed "to find a sacred core in the daily practices of home and work," it was nonetheless "too one-sided to succeed on its own." It was necessary that the Calvinist work ethic be fused with the humanist ego and its drive to master the material world before the Protestant bourgeoisie could become a social force of historical significance. Out of this "humanist-Protestant hybrid" arises, in time, a new understanding of culture and education, one in which the Protestant emphasis on the formation of conscience combines with the humanist and rationalist faith that "clarity of mental insight brings virtue and happiness." Carroll also credits this fusion of humanist and Protestant cultures with the creation of parliamentary democracy. But in the long term the humanist influence was enervating. Protestant intensity, tamed by humanism, began to wither and sank into the "disconnected inwardness" so memorably portrayed in Thomas Mann's 1901 novel, *Buddenbrooks*.

A more *gemütlich* alliance was established between humanism and the Enlightenment. This is the point at which humanism, in its most forward-looking mode, began to effect a complete detachment of reason from faith, just as Luther had predicted. And the central figure was, of course, René Descartes, whose *Discourse on Method* would become a seminal philosophical text for the Age of Reason. If the crucial problem faced by humanism had always been to find a place to stand, a foundation that required no supernatural sanction, Descartes seemed to provide one. His "*Cogito, ergo sum*" was "the new Archimedean rock." It proclaimed, in effect, "I am, not because God made me, but because I think."

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Out of the Cartesian revolution came a host of new challenges for faith, above all the rational criticism of sacred texts and traditional morality. The attack on the latter took its most pernicious form in the utilitarian principle of Jeremy Bentham, "in which morality has been eviscerated into a technical computation of units of pleasure." Alarmed by the implications of the pleasure principle, humanism's most formidable philosopher, Immanuel Kant, attempted to place traditional morality on a rational foundation. His categorical imperative assumes the existence of a universal moral law in the tradition of Aristotle or Aquinas, but breaks with his classical and medieval predecessors in "welding his new system to the humanist conception of the individual." Following Descartes, Kant teaches that reason alone is sufficient to discern the moral law; to this he adds that reason, having discerned the moral law in any given case, is honor-bound to submit to its dictates. The problem, as Carroll rightly notes, is Kant's further assumption that the rational man, "knowing the law, will obey it." What Kant naively fails to take into account is "the demonic in human nature" and the congenital infirmity of reason itself. Nonetheless, the Kantian ethic has become the mainstay of humanism down to the present. "Be good for goodness' sake" is merely its trivialization.

Humanism reached its apogee with the Enlightenment, argues Carroll, after which its decline has been precipitous. The dignified image of the autonomous individual upheld by Renaissance humanism came under sustained attack on several fronts in the 19th and 20th centuries, most notably by Marxism, Darwinism, and Freudianism. All three called radically into question the autonomy of the individual. Of these, the influence of Freudian theory has been the most far-reaching. For while there was a trace of Enlightenment optimism in Freud's character, his work was a systematic negation of the humanist vision of the self. Beset by demonic drives (the unconscious), on the one hand, and lacerating guilt (the superego), on the other, the once proud, autonomous self was now reduced to mere "ego." Freud was "doctor-confessor to the decadent bourgeoisie," promising a cure for hysteria, obsession, and depression in an updated version of the Socratic dictum "Know thyself." But the self that remained at the end of the "interminable" Freudian quest for self-knowledge was an emasculated shadow of the Renaissance individual. While it is true that Freudian psychotherapy remained the preserve of an upper-middle-class elite, the therapeutic ethos inspired by Freud is now pervasive in Western societies.

After Marx, Darwin, and Freud, humanism lapses into nihilism. "In the aftermath of humanism," writes Carroll, "with all cultural barriers smashed, 'We can become what we will' is simplified back to the jungle, in which lust and sadism rule." But if humanism is dead, what consolation is to be had amid the ruins? Carroll states in his Prologue that his aim was to write a "requiem" for humanism, not to offer any panacea for the ills of the posthumanist era. However, he does hint at certain possibilities. In a lengthy treatment of the 17th-century French master Nicolas Poussin, Carroll suggests that the painter of *The Plague of Ashdod* (1631) found "a notion of the 'I am' counter to the humanist ego, one that draws upon John's and Mark's accounts of the life of Jesus." He offers no evidence that Poussin's work was inspired by these Gospels, nor is he ever very clear about what this alternative model of the "I am" might be, except to say that it is "a redemptive path through tragedy different to [*sic*] the classical Greek model. It centers on a fallen worldliness followed by metamorphosis." This "fallen worldliness" is not to be equated with Original Sin, something Poussin rejected, claims Carroll, again without offering a shred of proof. As for "metamorphosis," or the possibility of a spiritual renewal that would transcend the false allure of the humanist will to power, Poussin apparently found an alternative path in the "classical Greek equation of culture with story," in the "mythos, the body of timeless, archetypal narratives that carry the eternal truths."

Carroll offers another hint at his ultimate thrust in the final chapter. If we are to "begin again," we must relearn the true meaning of the Gospel of John, which is that "the human individual, exemplified by Jesus, has replaced God." In short, if I am reading Carroll's rather oracular utterances rightly, humanists like Pico were right to find their transcendent truth in the "I am." Their mistake was in failing to heed Luther's warning, to see that genuine liberation of the self lies in the "darkness of faith." Yet there is no indication that Carroll, unlike Luther, regards the Christian Faith as uniquely redemptive, nor any sign that Carroll's Jesus is—to cite the Nicene Creed—"true God from true God." In fact, to make any sense of Carroll's spiritual hash, one must turn to another of his recent books, *The Existential Jesus*. There we find a portrait of Jesus, derived largely from a highly subjective reading of the Gospel of Mark, in which the Christ of the orthodox tradition has been transformed into a mythic Jesus, one who is "individual-centered and anti-tribal," and from whom all the particularities of religious or ethnic identity have been stripped away—in short, a Jesus tailor-made for the deracinated, post-humanist, secular masses. Clearly, Carroll (who is by trade a sociologist) has been reading too much Martin Heidegger. What attracts him to the Man of Sorrows is the Jesus essence, the radiance of Being that emanates from Mark's "Life of Jesus." Without saying so explicitly, Carroll appears to be promoting a new sort of neopagan, mystical humanism! If that is the case, then it was probably wise that he chose to say so little about the matter and thus spare himself further embarrassment. Otherwise, *The Wreck of Western Culture* is a provocative if not altogether original book, and Carroll is a writer who, despite occasional lapses into incoherence, has much to say about the rise and fall of the humanist enterprise that will resonate with the readers of this magazine. ◁©▷

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Diplomacy Before the Fall

by John Lukacs

Diplomacy Between the Wars
by George W. Liebmann
New York: I.B. Tauris; 269 pp., $85.00

The first two sentences of this fine book tell it all. "This is a text for our times. It is a celebration of diplomacy and diplomats—of an essentially extinct profession." I shall return to this *summa summarum*; but first, here is my account of the contents of this book.

It consists of five substantial portraits of men who, during the first half of the last century, represented their nations and incarnated at least some of their best qualities. They are Lewis Einstein (an American), Horace Rumbold (an Englishman), Count Johann Bernstorff (a German), Count Carlo Sforza (an Italian), and Ismet Inönü (a Turk). I agree with Liebmann's high estimation of all these men, except perhaps of Sforza, for whom Liebmann's regard is greater than mine. An especially good portrait is that of Einstein, an active diplomatist only part time (and no relation to the much-celebrated physicist, Albert of the astral hair). Lewis Einstein was a gentleman and an amateur scholar, in the best senses of the term *amateur*. He had a profound knowledge of history and wrote at least one remarkable book, as well as many articles and essays. He was never close to the center of American statecraft, but Theodore Roosevelt appreciated his mind and character. He had a vision of Western civilization and of the providential role of the United States within it, a vision that has now become, alas, very rare.

Sir Horace Rumbold was Britain's ambassador in Berlin during the end of the Weimar Republic and the first years of the Hitler regime. His assessment of that regime was first rate, prescient, and much superior to those of the two British ambassadors who followed him. Johann Bernstorff served as the German ambassador in Washington before Wilson's declaration of war against Germany in 1917. He tried to avoid the latter event, but in vain. That failure need not diminish his merits—rather the contrary. The intelligence and the probity of Bernstorff's mind were exemplary. He was condemned to struggle on two fronts, against the vapid idealism of Wilson and, even more, against the wooden militarism of Germany's rulers during World War I. Bernstorff had his personal weaknesses, but these did not matter. He saw early the dangers of what Hitler represented and incarnated; he struggled against them in vain; he died in self-imposed exile, forlorn. Sforza was luckier: A prominent antifascist, he fought for a high position in Italy after the fall of Mussolini. Churchill distrusted him, not without reason. In the end Sforza got a position he wanted, but by then that did not matter much. Ismet Inönü became the president of Turkey after the death of the great Kemal in 1938. His statesmanship was of a high order. He was able to keep Turkey out of the war, withstanding the enormous weight of Germany and, after the war, of the Soviet Union. He also withstood the British pressure—eventually to the benefit of the Allies—to enter the war on the Allied side prematurely.

Allow me now to return to the very first sentence of this book. "This is a text for our time." Indeed it is. Last fall, the incumbent U.S. secretary of defense, Robert Gates, told a London audience that, "For the first time in American history, both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense have doctorates in International Relations, with their dissertations about Russia. A fat lot of good that gave us." That is not an admission of humility. It is an expression of ignorance. It is indeed significant that the now-former secretary of state earned a degree in international relations—not in history—in Denver. The subject of her thesis was the Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968 (a topic, perhaps, for a superficial article in *Commentary* or *National Review*), which had occurred but a few years before Dr. Rice began to process her words. After her appointment, Madame Secretary revealed at least one startling example of her ignorance: She did not know that the Truman Doctrine in 1947 included not only Greece but Turkey. Our other international scholar, the current secretary of defense, was serving as deputy director of the CIA in 1988, when he declared that the Berlin Wall would not disappear for a long time. It fell less than a year after this misbegotten prophecy.

Yes, as Liebmann puts it, classical diplomacy is now "an essentially extinct profession." One of the many results of this extinction is the rise of experts in "international relations," a dubious discipline that has produced such international celebrities as Rice and Gates and Brzezinski and Kissinger, all panjandrums of international relations, most of them woefully ignorant of history. I have said that Liebmann's assessment of Carlo Sforza is the only one in this excellent volume about which I have some reservations, yet the chapter's last paragraph is illuminating. In 1952 the young Henry Kissinger, then an undergraduate at Harvard, sent an article of his to Sforza, panting for the latter's approval. Sforza, otherwise not very terse in his prose, answered in two sentences. "You are so kind as to ask my reaction to the basic approach of your review. I would dare to venture to suggest only this: less generalities and more factual data." The elevation of Kissinger to the bridge of the American ship of state would eventually follow.

John Lukacs is an historian and author, most recently, of George Kennan: A Study of Character *(Yale University Press).*

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Il Whig in Italia

by Thomas Fleming

The Force of Destiny: A History of Italy Since 1796
by Christopher Duggan
New York: Houghton Mifflin; 668 pp., $30.00

Some years ago I was interviewed by a reporter for *Corriere della Sera*, Italy's most prestigious newspaper. He had heard that I was a follower of Umberto Bossi, leader of the secessionist Lega Nord, and he wanted to know what plans I had for breaking up the United States. After disclaiming any secessionist political agenda, I freely admitted my conviction that it would have been better if the South had won the war and expressed my admiration for Bossi, whom I had met several times and interviewed at length, and told him that I regarded several of the Lega Nord's leaders as friends. But, I added, I did not entirely accept the northern view of Italian history, which I summarized as the myth of the Risorgimento. According to this official version of Italian history, the enlightened patriots of Piemonte and Lombardia went south to liberate the suffering masses from the oppression inflicted by the archduke of Tuscany, Pope Pius IX, and Francesco II, the Spanish Bourbon king of Naples. In this myth, Cavour plays the part of Ben Franklin, Mazzini of Thomas Jefferson, and Garibaldi of George Washington. Viewed from the perspective of the Italian south, however, north Italians conquered and subjugated southern Italy, which they have exploited ever since—all the time complaining about the crime and poverty of Sicily and Naples.

"Complete nonsense," was the kneejerk response of the liberal journalist. While he loathed Bossi and the Lega, he nonetheless accepted the official history put out by Italian textbooks. It was as if I had blasphemed against Lincoln. Italy, even more than Britain and the United States, has been the victim of a Whig theory of history. Out of the medieval darkness of feudalism, *campanilismo* (hometown loyalty), and the Catholic Church, enlightened patriots created a rational, modern state devoted to democratic ideals and human freedom. The only dark spot was a certain regime that lasted from 1922 to 1945. The Risorgimento (Italian unification), say the textbooks, was the American Revolution, fascism was like slavery and racism, and the antifascist resistance the equivalent of the civil-rights movement. It is no accident that the first phase of this myth was immortalized in English in three books by George Macaulay Trevelyan. Trevelyan is famous in his own right for creating the essential Whig history of England, but as the son of the noted Whig historian Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and thus the great-nephew of Lord Macaulay, who codified the Whig interpretation of history, Trevelyan was the very incarnation of triumphant Whiggery.

G.M. Trevelyan's three books on Garibaldi are still essential reading for an English-speaker interested in Italian history. They tell an exciting tale, though what is most interesting, ultimately, is what he deliberately leaves out—the ugly truths that many of the leaders of Italian unification were cranks (Mazzini), cynics (Cavour), and thugs (Garibaldi), whose conquests were not universally welcomed by south Italians. Even the Yankee historian William Roscoe Thayer is more frank than Trevelyan about Garibaldi's eccentricities—*e.g.*, his violent hatred not just of the Catholic Church but of Christianity in general. Thayer, inevitably and quite correctly, saw the Risorgimento of the 1860's as a parallel to our own national struggle, though just as inevitably he thought it quite a good thing. From Thayer and Trevelyan to Dennis Mack Smith, Italian historical writing has been dominated by this progressive version of history. To be fair to these authors, they probably believe it the way a Muslim believes in his religion: It is the only religion they have.

In recent years, a kind of revisionism has set in. Up until now, at least, Italians were given credit for being basically nice people, and while Mussolini may have been one of the beasts of the leftist apocalypse, Italians, so it was always said, would not fight: They would rather eat pasta and sing "*O Sole Mio*" than engage in fascist violence (a stereotype that Giulio Evola, the eccentric Fascist, bitterly accepted). Then came R.J.B. Bosworth's books on Mussolini. Bosworth can scarcely manage to write a page without assuring his readers that, after all, Italians are not very nice. They oppressed the natives of North Africa and were not very kind to homosexuals and Jews. I prefer Trevelyan and Dennis Mack Smith, who at least do not seem to hate the Italian people.

Seeing the announcement of Christopher Duggan's new book on the past two centuries of Italian history, I hoped against all reason that at last an honest book on Italian history would be available in English, but after plowing through this long-winded, ill-written, and tendentious book, I have ruefully concluded that such a book will never be written, because it could never be published. I ought to have known. Any book praised by the *Financial Times* as "impressive," the *Sunday Times* as "enthralling," the *Independent* as "ambitious and brilliant," and the *Spectator*—*o tempora, o mores*—as "a brilliant work" could not fail to be dull and dishonest. And the title alone (borrowed from Verdi's opera) should have been sufficient indication that we are dealing with another uninspired example of progressive mythomania.

To his credit—and this is small credit indeed—Duggan follows Bosworth in debunking nearly every major politician in Italian history. Cavour (the Italian Bismarck), he rightly notes, could hardly speak Italian—he used Piemontese at home and French in public, when he could. Mazzini (the ideologue of revolution) was a mystical crank, as he notes, and the kings of Piedmont, anything but effective. Only Garibaldi, the Pancho Villa of Italian history, gets off unscathed. It is not so much that Duggan tells deliberate lies—though, as Huck Finn would say,

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he does provide some stretchers—as that he offers a series of half-truths and omissions that once again reinforce the self-serving progressive myth.

The most startling omission is the failure (refusal) throughout the book to consider the point of view of "the enemy." If, for example, there is one Italian book known to English-speakers it is Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa's masterpiece *The Leopard* (made into a beautiful film by Luchino Visconti). When the referendum on unification receives an incredibly high "yes" vote in Sicily, the Prince of Salina observes that the new regime has shown absolutely no restraint in perpetrating such a fraud. Indeed, there is no reason to believe any of the official figures on the referenda, which, nonetheless, Duggan cites with a straight face. Cavour's impudence has found its match! Anyone who hopes to find out what the Spanish Bourbons, or the Sicilians, or faithful Catholics thought about unification will soon be disabused.

Duggan's worst blind spot concerns the Catholic Church. His ignorance of all things Catholic is apparent in every allusion to the Church. He thinks, for example, that Manzoni and Rosmini were Italian versions of Montalembert, who (like Lord Acton) tried to reconcile Catholic teaching with liberalism. Can he actually have read either of them? One of the most important events in 19th-century Italy was the First Vatican Council, at which a defiant Pius IX, in the teeth of liberal opposition (led by Lord Acton), proclaimed papal infallibility. Duggan does not so much as mention the council, even to deride it. But then, as he says, by the 1890's "it was to socialism that virtually all the best minds . . . were drawn." These best minds, according to him, are the crackpot Cesare Lombroso, who said you could recognize criminals by their physiognomy (they all look like Sicilians); Lombroso's student Enrico Ferri; Edmondo de Amicis (author of a once-popular children's book); Francesco Ciccotti (a career socialist who recommended Mussolini for the editorship of *Avanti!* and found his moment of fame later, when he fought a duel with the Fascist leader); Gaetano Salvemini (who made a career out of antifascism); and the artist Giuseppe Pelizza da Volpedo. Thank goodness for Wikipedia, or I would not have known who this anti-Catholic painter was. The pull of socialism on intellectuals was undoubtedly pervasive, but one would have thought Giosuè Carducci, Gaetano Mosca, Vilfredo Pareto, Luigi Pirandello, or even the young Gioachino Volpe would have made the list—but, then, they were not socialists. Indeed, the last two joined the Fascist Party. This is typical of Duggan's self-imposed blindness; one of the more comical features of the book is the liberal way in which he applies the word *distinguished* or *great* to mediocre or forgotten writers and political intellectuals like Giuseppe la Farina. Carducci he admires for his anti-Catholic fervor, and he does treat Vincenzo Gioberti respectfully, but he equates Gioberti's vision with that of Mazzini, conveniently overlooking the fact that Gioberti was a priest. On the other hand, such truly great writers as Manzoni and Leopardi, Pirandello and Sciascia are reduced to the pigmy dimensions of political propagandists.

Duggan repeats the old canard—many times refuted—that Pius IX began as a liberal but was frightened by events. He repeatedly describes Mazzini as religious, without ever making his anti-Christianity or self-worship clear. He claims that Mazzini's radicalism, during the "Roman Republic" of 1848, "did not stretch, as had been widely feared, to attacks on the Church." No mention of the decree that tried to force priests to participate in Mazzini's bogus Easter ritual, or the fact that during that ceremony Mazzini, dressed in street clothes, appeared in place of the Pope. He briefly alludes to the part played by Freemasons and other mystical oddballs, and even describes the obscene initiation rite of the Carbonari, who had to simulate Christ's crucifixion—but, he explains, this was only a bit of Catholic piety! Duggan is forced to admit that Pius IX's liberal prime minister was murdered, but, in the telling of the Pope's hurried departure from Rome, there is no mention made of the bullet, meant for the Holy Father, that killed his secretary. Duggan never misses an opportunity to take a swipe at Pius IX, and, in a rare citation from a nonliberal source, he gets in this unsubtle jab: "In His Holiness we recognize not only the Pope but also the Father and supreme Duce [leader] of the Italians . . . " Oh my!

In depicting the papacy as the great obstacle to progress and unification, Duggan glosses over the Kingdom of Piedmont's anti-Catholic policies. Not surprisingly, he does not mention Angela Pellicciari's path-breaking *Risorgimento anticattolico*—or, virtually, any other conservative or Catholic writer. Of course, an Englishman who says Gladstone was a Conservative cannot be expected to know much about conservatives—or history, for that matter.

Predictably, Duggan's entire treatment of fascism is extremely misleading. In these pages, the fascists were street thugs, while the equally violent communists, socialists, and anarchists were only defending themselves. In tracing the origin of the term, he does not seem to know that the Italian *fascio* (a bundle of things) is derived from the Latin *fascis*, which in the plural was the bundle of sticks with an ax that symbolized the power of a high Roman magistrate. Anyone who has traveled through Italy with his eyes open will understand how Mussolini deployed this allusion to the ancient empire as propaganda for the new empire. Duggan conveniently ignores the fact that, in the late 1920's and early 30's, Benito Mussolini was the most admired statesman in the world, drawing statements of unequivocal admiration from Winston Churchill, George Bernard Shaw, and Franklin Roosevelt. He chooses not to mention Mussolini's successful defiance of Hitler, who had to call off the takeover of Austria in 1934, when the Duce sent troops, or the premature praise he received for brokering the peace deal at Munich. His refusal to understand Mussolini's significance and his sly way of equating fascism and national socialism is all the

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less excusable after the publication of Nicholas Farrell's revisionist *Mussolini: A New Life* (2003), but, typically, he does not cite Farrell.

Duggan admits that there was some Jewish enthusiasm for the Duce. What he fails to mention is the extremely large number—perhaps a third—of adult Jewish males who joined the Fascist Party. He tries to explain—without offering a serious argument—Mussolini's about-face decision to persecute the Jews as a reflection of the new racist spirit the Fascists picked up in their African empire, and he says, again without proof, that the Fascists were all in favor of it. Some were; others—even antisemites—were not. In fact, the entire episode is complex. In part, Mussolini wanted to ape the toughness of his German disciple, Adolf Hitler; in part (as Duggan concedes), he was attacking the bourgeoisie; also in part, he had come to regard Jews as the leaders of communism and antifascism—which, indeed, they were. Mussolini was never an antisemite—his longest-lasting mistress was Jewish—and his actual laws were not race laws, nor were they aimed at expelling or exterminating Italian Jews. Fascist laws permitted many exceptions: Jews who had joined the Fascist Party in critical times or had converted to Christianity before the decrees, or had a gentile mother.

In describing the capture and death of Mussolini, Duggan mentions the fact that the Duce's young mistress, Claretta Petacci, threw her arms around him and then skips over the actual shooting: The ugly fact that the communists shot her is only implied, not stated. Luigi Villari argued that Petacci was killed to prevent her from talking about the disgraceful details of Mussolini's "arrest" and murder. A veil of mystery surrounds the Duce's end, and, while one does not have to believe the story of the lost "Dongo gold," the communists did manage to find a great deal of money at the end of the war. Duggan sees nothing wrong in the shooting of Mussolini, and he refers to the murderer as the "executioner"—as if a communist thug had some legal authority to try, much less kill, anyone. At this point, an honest stomach begins to protest against reading further, and when Italy's most distinguished postwar journalist, Indro Montanelli, is mentioned only as an admirer of Mussolini, it becomes clear that the author's political agenda has overwhelmed whatever judgment he might possess. On the other hand, the suppression of Montanelli is very useful to Duggan. No need, then, to mention that Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian communist hero who saved democracy by abjuring violence, actually asked Stalin not to send back the Italian POWs from Russia, because they would spill the beans on the great Dictatorship of the Proletariat. It was Montanelli's newspaper, *Il Giornale*, that debunked the myth of Togliatti as the independent Eurocommunist, a myth that Duggan still accepts. That is only one of Montanelli's crimes that cannot be forgiven.

Duggan is eager to preserve the leftist myth of antifascism, and he is very dismissive of any evidence that contradicts it. His usual argument is to set up and knock down a straw man that no one seriously believes. Thus, he says there is no proof that the United States reestablished the Mafia in Sicily after the war. What he does not mention is the recruitment of Charles "Lucky" Luciano, whose agents went around Sicily threatening reprisals against anyone who resisted the invasion. After the war, Luciano and his Sicilian confederates met in the Hotel des Paumes in Palermo to establish the Cosa Nostra.

Duggan's account of Italy in the 1980's and 90's might have been written by the Communist Party—excuse me, by the "Democratic Party of the Left." Like Togliatti, communists are quite respectable these days. The only flies in the Marxist ointment are Silvio Berlusconi, Gianfranco Fini, and Umberto Bossi. The Lega's followers, according to Duggan, are racist shopkeepers. He derides Bossi's appeal to Lombard history, to the original Lega Lombarda that defeated Barbarossa, and he ridicules the "Senatur's" claim that north Italians are a moral people. Only a child would believe such stuff. There is, therefore, no mention of the serious political intellectuals (*e.g.*, Gianfranco Miglio) who joined the movement and took seriously the Lega's program for decentralization, or the serious analysis made in America by Paul Piccone, the editor of the Marxist journal *Telos*. Through Piccone, I met a Milanese political-science professor, who taught in the United Kingdom and wrote about the Lega (and might have been interviewed, if Duggan were interested in doing any serious investigation). He was a leftist, he said, and would never vote for the Lega, but he was grateful to a movement that had given him back a sense of cultural identity as a Lombard.

There is no shortcut to understanding Italian history. A serious student will have to read Italian and talk to Italians, who are remarkably candid—even the communists—in private conversation. *The Force of Destiny* is the latest in a long series of books written by English and American historians to justify their smug conviction of Anglo-American superiority. Those dagos are funny little monkeys, after all, but they have a mean streak. Eat their spaghetti, drink their wine, but never get close enough to understand one of them. "Ignorance," as an Irish writer has one of his most memorable English characters opine, "is like a delicate, exotic fruit. Touch it and the bloom is gone."

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles.

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by Philip Jenkins

Holes in the Plot

Can I ask for some help? I am trying to write a novel—a futuristic political thriller—but at present, the plot is ridiculously implausible. I would like some advice about making it credible.

This is my scenario. It is 2011. A hugely popular Barack Obama is cruising toward an inevitable second term. He is, however, at daggers drawn with the nation's military leadership and the intelligence agencies. He has developed friendly relations with the regimes in Iran and Venezuela, and is negotiating an arms-limitation treaty with China. Hawkish critics at home believe that he is sacrificing U.S. strategic ascendancy to the point of giving away the store. Moreover, he is constantly sidestepping the intelligence agencies in favor of new structures run directly under White House control.

At that point, the Obama administration is undermined by a series of devastating corruption scandals. The main conduit for embarrassing leaks is a young journalist—I'm calling him Woody—who has close personal links with senior officers in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Another highly placed source in the FBI feeds him critical information. Soon, the torrent of scandal becomes so overwhelming that Obama is forced to resign, to general rejoicing. And the surprise twist in the plot is: It was the military and intelligence agencies who publicized and shaped the whole scandal, to advance their own interests!

Just sketching the plot shows how much work needs to be done. The problem is that nobody with the slightest political awareness will find the ending at all surprising. Everyone would know about the elite disaffection over those foreign-policy decisions. Nobody, consequently, would take Woody's revelations seriously, and still less so when they knew about his connections with the Joint Chiefs. Worse, the exigencies of the plot have forced me to reveal that, at just this time, the Joint Chiefs were so hostile to the White House that they were using spies and moles to observe its daily doings. And any fool would know that the kind of information Woody was receiving must have come from a domestic-security agency, most likely the FBI.

If this were the real world, as opposed to a fantastic novel, most media outlets, most congressional leaders and policymakers, would give no credence to the alleged scandal—or, at least, they would keep it strictly in perspective. They would instead express alarm that out-of-control military officers and intelligence agents were actively conspiring against an elected administration and go to any lengths to root out the guilty. In reality, no conspiracy like that could ever gain traction within the United States.

My plot, in other words, stinks.

Yet I do have some hope. At the end of last year, we read the obituaries of Mark Felt, the senior FBI official better known as Deep Throat, the insider source who fed such crucial information to *Washington Post* journalist Bob Woodward. Consistently, the obituaries praised Felt as a true patriot, a warrior for truth who acted as he did out of genuine concern about the misdeeds of the Nixon administration. I have no reason to doubt that Felt was in every sense a patriot and a faithful upholder of law enforcement. Yet it was startling to find virtually no suggestions that his motives might have been less than straightforward.

In fact, the real history of the Watergate affair does offer some striking analogies to my improbable novel. Richard Nixon in 1971-72 was pursuing détente with America's traditional Cold War foes, the Soviet Union and China, and was seeking a Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty with the Soviets. Among senior Navy officers in particular, there were real fears that the Nixonites were in the process of selling out the United States in the

face of growing Soviet hegemony. Already by 1970, the Joint Chiefs had a mole in the National Security Council who was copying every document that passed through his hands. So seriously did the congressional investigators who explored this "Moorer-Radford spy-ring" take it that they compared it to *Seven Days in May*, after the novel about a military *coup d'etat*.

The "Moorer" in this case was Adm. Thomas Moorer, chief of naval operations from 1967 to 1970, and chairman of the Joint Chiefs from 1970 to 1974. While in his former position, Moorer's courier was Lt. Bob Woodward. It was in this capacity, while working for Moorer in 1970, that Woodward first met FBI official Mark Felt, with whom he would have such an enduring relationship.

And yet despite all these intriguing linkages—and we could point to a great many more—so few people have ever suggested any deeper dimensions to what we call the Watergate scandal. So who knows, perhaps people might even be gullible enough to believe my book. Stranger things have happened. ◁

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by Scott P. Richert

Everything in Its Place

On December 9, 2008, as I read through the federal criminal complaint against the latest Illinois governor to be indicted for the merest portion of his crimes, I could not help but feel uneasy. Sure, it was great fun to imagine Governor Hot Rod sweating it out in his holding cell, awaiting arraignment later in the day. Even the most casual observer of Illinois politics knew that Milorad Blagojevich, our S.O.B., had to be corrupt. After all, you don't get elected governor of Illinois as a reformer if you actually are one.

The unease did not abate as Aaron Wolf and I watched a webcast later that morning of the press conference held by U.S. District Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald. The assembled reporters danced around the obvious questions, and Fitzgerald followed their lead. What is the actual federal crime of which Blagojevich is accused? Is there one? Aren't Blagojevich's transgressions, both those named in the criminal complaint and those for which he will probably never be indicted, state matters? Isn't this a bit like prosecuting Al Capone for income-tax evasion, the main difference being that income-tax evasion was a federal crime, and Capone was guilty of it?

If there were an actual federal crime involved, that might be one thing; but the two counts leveled against Blagojevich stretch federal law so far as to make it meaningless. Or, rather, they stretch it so far as to make it absolute—any crime committed by an elected official of a state, and virtually any crime committed by a mere citizen, could be covered under their penumbra.

The first count alleges that Blagojevich and John Harris, his chief of staff, "did, [*sic*] conspire with each other and with others to devise and participate in a scheme to defraud the State of Illinois and the people of the State of Illinois, of the honest services" of Blagojevich and Harris. It is easy to see how this could be a state matter, but it only becomes a federal crime through a subordinate clause: "in furtherance of which the mails and interstate wire communications would be used," in violation of various sections of Title 18 of the United States Code.

The second count alleges that the governor and his chief of staff "corruptly solicited and demanded a thing of value, namely, the firing of certain *Chicago Tribune* editorial members responsible for widely-circulated editorials critical of" the governor, in exchange for which they allegedly intended to provide

> millions of dollars in financial assistance by the State of Illinois, including through the Illinois Finance Authority, an agency of the State of Illinois, to the Tribune Company involving the Wrigley Field baseball stadium.

This is certainly worthy of state prosecution, but why should it be considered a federal crime? Because Blagojevich and Harris are

> agents of the State of Illinois, a State government which during a one-year period, beginning January 1, 2008 and continuing to the present, received federal benefits in excess of $10,000.

In a line sure to send a chill down the spines of evangelical dispensationalists and rad-trad Catholics, this second count notes that these actions violate "Title 18, United States Code, Sections 666(a)(1)(B) and 2."

In the end, though, the Blagojevich arrest and indictment present a more mundane, yet perhaps more far-reaching, concern than the coming of the end times and the rise of the Antichrist. As contributing editor Clyde Wilson noted on the *Chronicles* website, "the idea of the FBI arresting a governor is disturbing" and "a very bad precedent." The U.S. Constitution has long been a dead letter; federalism exists today in name only; yet it is hard not to sense that a broader principle even than the traditions of the American political system has been violated here.

In the Catholic tradition, we call that principle *subsidiarity*—the idea that a larger, higher, or more centralized authority should not usurp the rightful duties and responsibilities of a smaller, lower, or decentralized one. The framers of both the Articles of Confederation and the U.S. Constitution did not use the term, but the systems of federalism established under both documents adhered to the principle, each in its own way.

Subsidiarity is poorly understood. Many Catholics who claim to support the principle characterize it as the idea that higher authorities should never step in unless lower authorities fail to fulfill their responsibilities. I once had a debate with a Catholic traditionalist who argued that, under subsidiarity, overturning *Roe* v. *Wade* was not good enough, because some states would fail to protect the unborn. Therefore, nothing short of a Human Life Amendment to the Constitution was acceptable. Similarly, leaving the regulation of marriage to the states was out of the question, now that some states have legalized "gay marriage." Their failure to exercise their responsibilities in accordance with Christian teaching on marriage meant that the federal government not only could step in, but must step in.

Since vocal Catholic "defenders"

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of subsidiarity make such arguments, it is not surprising that another common misconception, especially among those who are skeptical of the influence of the Catholic Church on politics, is that (in the recent words of one European journalist) subsidiarity means "that the power rests at the top . . . but the power at the top will let some of it trickle down as it sees fit."

Both sides are wrong. The most cogent summary of the principle of subsidiarity is found in Pope Pius XI's 1931 social encyclical, *Quadragesimo anno*. Building on the work of his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII, in *Rerum novarum* (1891), Pope Pius writes (paragraph 79):

> As history abundantly proves, it is true that on account of changed conditions many things which were done by small associations in former times cannot be done now save by large associations. Still, that most weighty principle, which cannot be set aside or changed, remains fixed and unshaken in social philosophy: Just as it is gravely wrong to take from individuals what they can accomplish by their own initiative and industry and give it to the community, so also it is an injustice and at the same time a grave evil and disturbance of right order to assign to a greater and higher association what lesser and subordinate organizations can do. For every social activity ought of its very nature to furnish help to the members of the body social, and never destroy and absorb them.

Phrases such as "fixed and unshaken," "gravely wrong," "injustice," "grave evil," and "disturbance of right order" do not allow for a whole lot of wiggle room. Even more important, however, is the Holy Father's choice of verb to describe the responsibilities of subsidiary organizations: He speaks of what they "can do," without qualification. He does not go on to say that if they deliberately fail to do that which they can do, it is no longer "a grave evil and disturbance of right order" for a larger, higher, or more centralized authority to usurp the power that rightly belongs to a smaller, lower, or decentralized one.

This isn't sloppiness on Pius XI's part, nor is it a deliberate attempt to hide some dark Catholic belief that power flows from the center and is held by families and local governments and other intermediary institutions only at the whim of the centralized state, which owes its power to the Supreme Pontiff. Rather, it is a classic statement of the traditional Christian understanding of moral and social order: There is a place for everything, and everything in its place.

The proper authorities in the state of Illinois could have handled the Blagojevich problem, as the impeachment proceedings in the Illinois General Assembly prove. They chose not to. And the citizens of Illinois, who could have demanded that their elected officials fulfill their sworn responsibilities to uphold the Illinois constitution, chose to look the other way, too. Neither failure represents an inability to carry out their responsibilities, and thus neither justifies the "grave evil and disturbance of right order" of a federal intervention.

Pius XI wrote *Quadragesimo anno* at a time of unprecedented centralization and destruction of Edmund Burke's "little platoons" that are "the first principle . . . of public affections . . . the first link in the series by which we proceed toward a love to our country and to mankind." Today, to quote the typically pithy assessment of Burke's latter-day disciple Russell Kirk, the situation is "much worse." Subsidiarity, Pius XI saw, was the key to the return to right order, which would mean the limitation rather than the expansion of the centralized state:

> When we speak of the reform of institutions, the State comes chiefly to mind, not as if universal well-being were to be expected from its activity, but because things have come to such a pass through the evil of what we have termed "individualism" that, following upon the overthrow and near extinction of that rich social life which was once highly developed through associations of various kinds, there remain virtually only individuals and the State. This is to the great harm of the State itself; for, with a structure of social governance lost, and with the taking over of all the burdens which the wrecked associations once bore, the State has been overwhelmed and crushed by almost infinite tasks and duties.

Should Governor Hot Rod be convicted on federal charges, I won't shed a tear for him—he deserves far worse than a few years lounging around a federal country club, with a weekly "Get Out of Jail Free" card to meet his family and political cronies on Saturday morning at a local restaurant for breakfast. But the successful prosecution of a governor who was indicted while still in office would set, as Dr. Wilson rightly stated, a very bad precedent.

While the American constitutional order may have all but crumbled into dust, subsidiarity, as a broader principle, still stands—for the moment. Defending it, even in—or perhaps, *especially* in—distasteful situations such as the strange case of Milorad Blagojevich, is the first step toward restoring a sane political order in the United States.

And think of the delicious irony if a reinvigorated federal system were to spring forth from the Land of Lincoln. ©

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Letter From Ukraine

by Matthew A. Rarey

Life in the Borderland

Returning from a Slavic land on a Slavic airline after serving a mission aiding the Catholic Church in Slavic Eastern Europe, I craved a little freedom from Slavdom. So I eschewed the late Slavic pope's tradition and refrained from kissing the earth after touching down at O'Hare. Instead, I enjoyed a quiet cigarette outside arrivals, alternating lungfuls of Dunhills with lungfuls of the crisp and relatively clean Chicago air. (One doesn't fully appreciate vehicle-emission standards until choking on the fumes of commie-era Ladas belching pollution with Bolshevik abandon.) After two enlightening months in Ukraine, whose spiritual highs and sinful lows mirror her tumultuous history, it was simply wonderful being home. It wasn't merely a matter of feelings, either, but based on objective facts—elemental conveniences such as regular tap water. (It only flowed sporadically in my apartment in Lviv, and even the locals warned against drinking it unboiled.)

Other Americans weren't so lucky. They also journeyed to that same part of the world on behalf of a noble cause, but never returned. While exploring Lviv one dank, icy afternoon in mid-February, I chanced upon the final resting place of Arthur Kelly, Edmund Graves, and T.V. McCallum, from Richmond, Boston, and Detroit, respectively. They rest in a corner of a Polish military cemetery, now located in the independent country of Ukraine: a corner that is America.

Then called Lwow and located in Poland, the western Ukrainian city of Lviv was spared devastation in World War II. But it was the scene of a pivotal battle during the 1918-20 war between the newly reestablished Polish state and the expansionist Soviet Union. If Lwow had been lost, the world today might be terribly different.

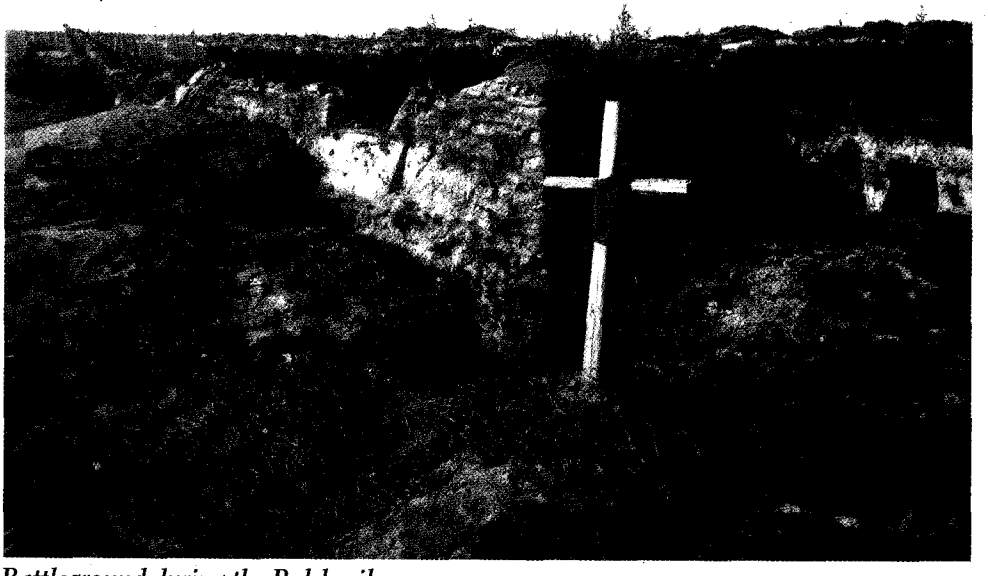
A company of American pilots, fresh from the Western Front, volunteered to help the Poles repel the Red Horde. Inducted into the Kosciuszko Squadron of the newly formed Polish air force, they were returning the favor of those Polish heroes, Casimir Pulaski and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, who helped America win her independence.

The prospect of adventure likely sweetened the pot, and the predominance of Scotch-Irish surnames among their ranks suggests that these were men who relished a good fight. The Kosciuszko Squadron attracted men who lived life to the lees. The most famous was Capt. Merian C. Cooper (1893-1973), whose great-great-grandfather, Col. John Cooper, served under Count Kosciuszko in the War for Independence. He was shot down, made a daring escape from a POW camp, and was awarded Poland's highest military honor. Whether in war or in peace, however, Cooper out-Hemingwayed Hemingway.

A U.S. Naval Academy dropout (in his senior year), Cooper was a lifelong adventurer who began his active military career in 1916, chasing Pancho Villa with the Georgia National Guard, and ended it as chief of staff for the Fifth Air Force's Bomber Command in the Southwest Pacific in World War II—another war for which he volunteered. A pioneering aviator and author, Cooper also racked up stellar movie credits, enjoying a long career in Hollywood as a screenwriter, actor, producer, and director. He had a big hand in making such classics as *King Kong* (which he cowrote, codirected, and appeared in) and most of John Ford's films starring John Wayne. (He and Ford formed a production company in 1947.) Awarded medals for battlefield bravery, Cooper also won an honorary Oscar for similarly bold exploits on the big screen.

But back to the theater of the war.

In 1920, Lwow was attacked by the Red Army, backed up by division-sized cavalry assaults from the so-called Red Cossacks. The citizens prepared the city's defense, fielding and equipping three regiments of infantry and cavalry. Aided by three additional Polish divisions, one Ukrainian division, the Americans, and a contingent from



Battleground during the Bolshevik war.

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Lwow street after bombardment (1919).

the French Army, they repelled the Reds after three days of fierce fighting. Among the dead were Capts. Arthur Kelly and T.V. McCallum. (Lt. Edmund Graves, the other American buried beside them, was shot down in an earlier engagement.)

"The American pilots, though exhausted, fight tenaciously," reported one Polish general.

> During the last offensive, their commander attacked enemy formations from the rear, raining machine-gun bullets down on their heads. Without the American pilots' help, we would long ago have been done for.

Though few, the American aviators gave the Poles a key advantage in one of the last major unmechanized wars. A saber-wielding cavalryman was terrible for an infantryman, but no match for a strafing airplane.

The Battle of Lwow proved decisive because the Red commander, Marshal Semyon Budyonny, doggedly insistent on taking the city, diverted men and materiel from the main Soviet force massed outside of Warsaw. Fatally weakened, the Reds would lose the battle for Warsaw and, in turn, the Polish-Soviet War. (Later, the same Marshal Budyonny presided over two of the biggest routs in military history when the Wehrmacht surrounded the Red Army in the battles of Kiev and Uman. Instead of losing his head, he died of old age in 1973, a "Hero of the Soviet Union." Being buddies with Stalin had its advantages.) That war, an important but underappreciated historical episode, is recounted in *Warsaw 1920: Lenin's Failed Conquest of Europe*, by Adam Zamoyski.

In 1934, the Poles completed a magnificent marble necropolis for the fallen "Defenders of Lwow," with striking art-deco-style memorials honoring the Americans and Frenchmen who died there. It overlooks Lviv from a hillside of the famous Lychakovski Cemetery, the sprawling repository of Lviv's polyglot population through the centuries: Ukrainians, Poles, Germans, Russians.

Wandering this fascinating land of the dead—the gravestones, statues, and sepulchers reflecting, often in hauntingly ethereal beauty, the different ethnicities and epochs—breathed life into the histories I had read. Some of the German and Polish monuments had been defaced. I tried unsuccessfully to lift the overturned spire of a German family's monument, the base of which bears a touching inscription, partially disfigured by hammer: "*Schlummere Suess! Nach Allen Sorgen Brach[ten] [I]n Der Sabbathmorgen, / Ruh Nun Aus, Ruh Nun Aus / Selig in Des Vaters Haus!*" ("Slumber, sweet one! After all cares, now on the Sabbath's morning, peace rises! / Rest now, blessed in the Father's House!")

Toward the end of World War II, the Red Army seized control of Poland and western Ukraine. Unsurprisingly, the cemetery was desecrated, including the memorial to their American allies; the section commemorating the boy-soldiers (the "Lwow Eaglets") was razed and converted into a truck depot; and most of the other tombs were bulldozed. "To trample the graves of the enemy is an apparently universal if regrettable human instinct," wrote John Keegan in a poignant essay about military cemeteries, "There's Rosemary for Remembrance."

But after the Evil Empire expired, the pieces were literally picked up and put back together. In 2005, the fully restored cemetery—and the adjacent Ukrainian Galician Army Soldiers' Memorial—was jointly dedicated by the presidents of Poland and Ukraine who, in the company of American and French diplomatic delegations, publicly patched up old animosities.

On the day I came across this magnificently dignified necropolis, a chill wind swept the silent solemnity of the place. I said a prayer in the restored chapel, empty but for a friendly guard and fresh garlands of flowers surrounding the crucifix and the statue of the Virgin Mary. After signing the guestbook, I opened the glass doors and was happily surprised by a brass plaque. The chapel had been restored through donations from Polish-Americans from Chicago: my home city and, by virtue of great-grandparents who emigrated from the same province as old Lwow, my people.

The ties of historical memory, binding a people to an ancestral land never visited and long-departed kin never known, are an elemental force in human nature. Dual loyalties needn't compete. In fact, they should compliment each other, advancing what Edmund Burke called "a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." A nation of "rugged individuals" is not a nation at all, really.

Regarding the Polish-Soviet War,

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Ukrainians tend to have bittersweet feelings, tilting toward the bitter. Before training their sights on each other, the Poles and the Soviets crushed the various Ukrainian independence movements and short-lived republics that had sprung up so hopefully in the wake of World War I. From the 15th century until 1991, however, the Ukrainians were a people without a country of their own. *Ukraine*, "the borderland," was dashed and divided over time by Poland, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and Nazi Germany to the west; Russia to the north; the Mongols to the east.

Still, the Poles' victory against the Soviets had two big salutary effects. First, Western Europe was spared the first thrust of communist expansion. Lenin believed that the supposedly capitalist-exploited, war-sick masses of Europe would flock to the Soviet banner wherever the Red Army tread. Thanks to the Poles, his belief never was put fully to the test. Second, because it was under Polish suzerainty, western Ukraine enjoyed a 25-year respite from communism. Eastern Ukraine was not so fortunate. Absorbed into the Soviet Union after the Polish-Soviet War, it travailed with the birth pangs of Bolshevism, from the communists' brutal enforcement of militant atheism to the great famine orchestrated by Stalin in the early 1930's, which killed upward of seven million Ukrainians.

Today, eastern Ukraine is drastically different from western Ukraine. There the wounds of communism are more hideous, evidenced in festering social ills that afflict the entire country (breakdown of the family, demographic collapse, a fatalistic nihilism). For in the first decades of Bolshevism, the Soviet scythe slashed with amateurish enthusiasm, cutting widely and deeply. As communism matured, it became more of a business than a labor of perverted passion. By the time it came to western Ukraine, it had entered the business phase.

The weekend in mid-March before I left Ukraine, I walked around an outdoor bazaar in Lviv, buying last-minute gifts for family and friends. It began to drizzle. At one stall, a woman sold old photographs, spread upon the ground on a sheet of plastic. Rain drops fell on vintage images from the Polish-Soviet War: cheering troops boarding a train bound for the front; cavalrymen on parade; a bloated horse carcass in the rubble of a bombed-out Lviv street; soldiers behind the lines sitting at a table beneath a forest canopy, drinking bottles of wine. I bought a parcel of pictures before the scenes of destruction were themselves destroyed by the rain. The memories of the conflict they depict remain alive in Ukraine, Poland, and far beyond.

And it was heartening to know that the Americans I met in memory—Captains Kelly and Graves, and Lieutenant McCallum—are honored to this day, their ultimate sacrifice rendered not in vain.

Matthew A. Rarey writes from Chicago.

"To American Heroes Who Gave Their Lives for Poland" reads the inscription on the American Flyers Memorial, depicting an airman with angel's wings. Built with funds from the Polish-Americans of Chicago and Cook County, the memorial was dedicated in 1925.

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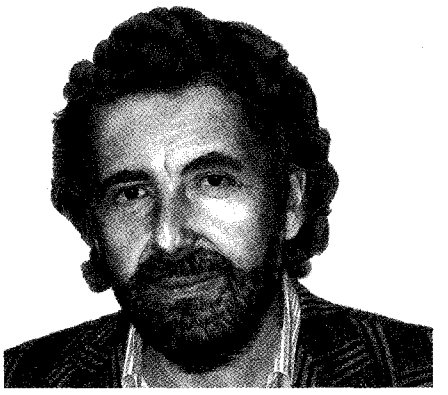
by Andrei Navrozov

Luck and the Mass Man



Why was Christ put to death? Because Caiaphas, who was high priest that year, had told the Sanhedrin, "Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people." Literally, Caiaphas was inviting the Pharisees to reason through—*logizesthe* is the Greek word—to calculate, or to assess, the benefit of a rational decision. But how could they assess it if they did not have all the facts, if they, by his own admission, knew next to nothing compared with what they needed to know in order to assess it? One never has all the facts. How in hell could they have all the facts if St. Peter's in Rome had not been built, Sienkiewicz had not written the best-selling *Quo Vadis*, and the Gideon Bible had not made it into the night table of every motel room west of Detroit?

You are not thinking rationally. If Caiaphas were a Hollywood villain, a good hour into the film with the police closing in on him, he could not get a more vivid line. Is the gambler ever that villain? Does he ever labor under the delusion that he knows something, and that thinking rationally on the basis of what one knows is the solution to the Pharisee's dilemma? No, like John, who tells the story in the Gospel, if the gambler knows anything at all, it is that when approached rationally the dilemma has no solution.

These men of little faith, *oligopistoi*, they tell him he lives by numbers. But surely it is the life of Caiaphas, and of his fellow priests of reason, that is life by numbers. Painting by numbers, embroidery by numbers, education by numbers, kissing by numbers, killing by numbers, praying by numbers—why am I so fond of my old pair of corduroy trousers, O sage Caiaphas? "Because of Cause 32," answers the high priest, "in *The Collected Works of Sigmund Freud*." And why do grown men blink like schoolboys whenever they look at you? "On account of Cause 24 in *The Universal Reader of Charles Darwin*." And why does my left knee so vex me once the weather takes a turn for the worse? "Refer to Cause 11 in *The Housewife's Handbook of Vexatious Limbs*. That'll be twenty-two dollars and fifty cents—$20 if it's cash."

What of love? If, like all degenerative diseases, the pandemic scotoma of reason is evolutionary, too sluggish for a neat break with anterior models of the world, it must tolerate love. In the marginalia of intellectual extremes—where, brandishing a scalpel like a veterinary surgeon out of a provincial town's police chronicle, analysis clad only in a waterproof and a pair of galoshes is apprehended by burly burghers in the act of slashing at the image of the Mother and Child—one can easily detect the homicidal hostility that underlies the placid bonhomie of the cultural mainstream. Yet, deep down, is the mainstream any less turbid?

"Hydrogen, carbon dioxide, ammonia, methane were subjected to the sun's ultraviolet rays . . ." All right, I'm listening, says the gambler. "Their interaction over unlimited time produced organic molecules . . ." And? Go on, then! "Over time, limited by nothing save time itself, these molecules evolved . . ." He doubles over with laughter. Come four in the morning, come the three final spins, who better than he knows the value of time limited by nothing save time itself? Why, if you have unlimited time, and the supervisor's dozed off and the dealers aren't being changed on you every half-hour, of course you can break the bank at Monte Carlo!

Without these, you need luck. Not nobody's and everybody's kind of luck—a Darwinist's luck, the luck of the intellectual mainstream, the fairy kind that works over diachronic aeons and manages to save the rationalist's face in time for the Victorian tale of the blind watchmaker to wind down—but such individual chance as is only known to the man who takes it with his eyes open. A man like Darwin, for instance, who is honest enough to see that time without beginning or end is not even a particularly novel way of describing the indescribable. How is the mass man to understand this? He is but a grain of mankind's luxury lumpfish caviar in a vacuum jar. He inhabits a world of speculation, where small risks are the fodder of large numbers.

"The whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect," Darwin wrote in a private letter, confounding the mass man, who is a confirmed Darwinist in much the same way he is a believing Christian, a Marxist and a Freudian, a fan of Man United and a stockholder in General Motors. Nevertheless,

> I may say that the impossibility of conceiving that this grand and wondrous universe, with our conscious selves, arose through chance, seems to me the chief argument for the existence of God. But whether this is an argument of real value, I have never been able to decide.

Ah, shouts the mass man in a silvery voice from his glass jar of lumpfish caviar, but we have. We have loosened the suffocating grip of Victorian morality which kept a progressive man of science from thinking the matter through to our own favorite conclusion. Because nowadays we can think anything we want, and the really good news is that we can all think it together. Chance is probability, and that is precisely how we think this grand and wondrous universe of ours has arisen. Carbon dioxide, ammonia, methane . . . ◈

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CONSERVATISM

City Mouse, Country Mouse

by John Willson

We whose parents read to us the Bible, the Brothers Grimm, Mother Goose, Hans Christian Anderson, Reynard the Fox, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Aesop's Fables know almost by heart the story of "The Country Mouse and the Town Mouse." This is the version translated by the English scholars George Tyler Townsend and Thomas James:

> Once upon a time a Country Mouse who had a friend in town invited him, for old acquaintance sake, to pay him a visit in the country. The invitation being accepted in due form, the Country Mouse, though plain and rough and somewhat frugal in his nature, opened his heart and store, in honor of hospitality and an old friend. There was not a carefully stored up morsel that he did not bring forth out of his larder: peas and barley, cheese-pairings and nuts, hoping by quantity to make up what he feared was lacking in quality, to suit the palate of his dainty guest. The Town Mouse, condescending to pick a bit here and a bit there, while the host sat nibbling a blade of barley-straw, at length exclaimed, "How is it, my good friend, that you can endure the dullness of this unpolished life? You are living like a toad in a hole. You can't really prefer these solitary rocks and woods to streets teeming with carriages and men. On my honor, you are wasting your time miserably here. We must make the most of life while it lasts. A mouse, you know, does not live for ever. So come with me and I'll show you life and the town." Overpowered with such fine words and so polished a manner, the Country Mouse assented; and they set out together on their journey to town. It was late in the evening when they crept stealthily into the city, and midnight ere they reached the great house where the Town Mouse took up his quarters. Here were couches of crimson velvet, carvings in ivory, everything in short that denoted wealth and luxury. On the table were the remains of a splendid banquet, to procure which all the choicest shops in town had been ransacked the day before. It was now the turn of the courtier to play the host; he places his country friend on purple, runs to and fro to supply all his wants, presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty, and as though he were waiting upon a king, tastes every course ere he ventures to place it before his rustic cousin. The Country Mouse, for his part, affects to make himself quite at home, and blesses the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life; when, in the midst of his enjoyment, as he is thinking with contempt of the poor fare he has forsaken, on a sudden the door flies open, and a party of revelers, returning from a late entertainment, burst into the room. The affrighted friends jump from the table in the greatest consternation and hide themselves in the first corner they can reach. No sooner do they venture to creep out again than the barking of dogs drives them back in still greater terror than before. At length, when things seemed quiet, the Country Mouse stole out from his hiding place, and bidding his friend good-bye, whispered in his ear, "Oh my good sir, this fine mode of living may do for those who like it; but give me my barley-bread in peace and security before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are in waiting."

This is a particularly rich version, nuanced not only with the lure of the city but with the Seven Deadly Sins (pride, envy, wrath, avarice, gluttony, lust, and sloth), which Christians adapted from their pagan ancestors in Greece and Rome, and the rabbis of Jerusalem. Aesop was a slave (much Greek wisdom came from their slaves) whose wit gained him freedom, and whose prudence made him a teacher who told stories about animals so that, unlike the prophet Nathan, he didn't have to tell his Davids face-to-face that they were morally challenged. (Still, it is said that Aesop died when neighbors who did not appreciate his wit threw him over a cliff.)

The City Mouse condescends to his Country Cousin; pride of life is at the heart of his polite comment, "You are living like a toad in a hole." The Country Mouse envies the riches of the city: The "couches of crimson velvet" tempt him to leave the "dullness of [his] unpolished life." Anger is apparently not a mouse trait, but it appears in the "barking of dogs" and perhaps in the "party of revelers" who "affrighted" the mice in the first place. The mice covet the leftover banquet; they eat their fill in an orgy of gluttony; the lust of their feeding is complementary to the lust of their eyes that "presses dish upon dish and dainty upon dainty." Sloth is the insidious and almost unnoticed elephant in the room: They are tempted to live off the bounty provided by revelers. (Welfare is such a comfortable vice.) Sloth gets us in the gut and the brain, as we bless "the good fortune that had wrought such a change in his way of life." Sloth is the basis of pride, and both are overcome only by fear. The Country Mouse gives up luxury and adventure for peace: "give me my barley-bread in peace and se-

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curity before the daintiest feast where Fear and Care are waiting."

This story has great meaning for those of us who find anything interesting about being "conservative." The moral that Aesop intended, "Better beans and bacon in peace than cakes and ale in fear," doesn't play well in a political culture that values nanny government, big oil, big pharma, leaving no children behind, and exporting democracy. In fact, most contemporary interpretations suggest that the Country Mouse is a wimp or, at the very least, that he just illustrates the point that everyone should do his own thing.

The problem with dismissing the Country Mouse as a wimp or a tolerant liberal is that Aesop's tales made it through Greek and Roman history, and about 1,500 years more before liberals came along. A monk named Planudes put them into medieval Latin so that Christians could also have access to their moral lessons. Since then, a version of Aesop's tales has been printed in every language the Western world has learned. And everybody who has read or had read to him this fable has always known that the Country Mouse was right. In the polity, we need order, and calm, and security. There is no other principle that anyone who proposes to "conserve" something can start with.

The Country Mouse did not cotton to Big Ideas. He certainly didn't "think globally." Wendell Berry points out that you can't think globally. "You can only think in detail. 'Global thinking' is a distraction from thinking." The fable doesn't allow that there were also dangers in his country home—the number of field mice my dog has dug out of their "secure" holes testifies to that—but it does clearly imply that attending to one's own habitat is wise.

The City Mouse cultivated manners; his eye and palate developed, and he gained taste and sophistication. But he lived by his wits, and on welfare. In Horace's poetic version of the tale,

> The townsman does the honors, lays his guest
> At ease upon the couch with crimson dressed,
> Then nimbly moves in character of host,
> And offers in succession boiled and roast;
> Nay, like a well-trained slave each wish prevents,
> And tastes before the tit-bits he presents.

He was dependent upon the revelers who provided the banquet. He was a parasite—luxury implied slavery. The Country Mouse gathered his own stores but lived in republican simplicity. He knew instinctively what Mr. Berry meant: "I want to live in a good place, and I know that people can't live in good places unless they know where they are and pay the closest, kindest attention to what they do there." The City Mouse would love the mall—bustle, shopping, adventure, jostling, anonymity. The Country Mouse actually knew his smelly neighbors.

Theodore White wrote one of the best autobiographies of the 20th century, *In Search of History: A Personal Adventure*. Teddy was the author of the *Making of the President* series—still good reads but not likely to last as long as his own story. He tells us in "Part One—Boston: 1915-1938" how he grew up in a Jewish ghetto in a house on Boston's Erie Street, which contained a tyrannical Jewish grandmother who spoke only Yiddish and a business-minded but musically inclined henpecked grandfather on the top floor, and a socialist father who had broken a thousand years of rabbinical tradition to become a penniless lawyer married to the daughter of the shrew upstairs but who was a closet Republican downstairs. Teddy loved them all. He went to grammar school and was taught by Miss Fuller (probably my ancestor) and other New England ladies, and later by Irish Catholic girls who were waiting for husbands. He went off to Hebrew school in the late afternoons, learning the Tanakh from intense young Zionists who forced his memory into "cadence and phrase, in imagery and folklore." He also went into the street, hawking newspapers and learning the ways of commerce. Teddy knew his smelly neighbors.

But Teddy also knew how carved up he was—Puritans, Catholics, tough Irish guys, Italians you could deal with, a national government that by the 1930's seemed to be Jewish-friendly, the reality that in Boston "the government was Irish," his dad dead when Teddy was 16, going on "home relief," the "shaping experience" of the Depression. "It was shameful." He went to Boston Latin, the original open-admissions school, "a cruel school" that could flunk everybody out if it so chose, and then to Harvard on a scholarship, a classmate of Cap Weinberger and Joe Kennedy, Jr. He was one of the "meatballs," as opposed to the "white men" and the "gray men" above him. He majored in (what else?) Asian studies, just to complete his total disconnection from any past that might have kept him close to his smelly neighbors.

What held on? What gripped him and molded him through decades of traveling in Asia, Europe, the wilds of New York and Washington, the campaign trails of four national elections? The *Shema*: "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." For most of his life this translated into a mild Marxism, a hope that China, Europe, and the United States could become national communities, and an attraction to men who seemed to embody this vision: Chou En-lai, Jean Monnet, and John Kennedy. It was a secular *Shema*, a cosmopolitan abstraction that "we can all be one," a latter-day Stoicism. Teddy became a perfect City Mouse, a good man, a man completely liberated from the parochial American Republic, but who always loved the cosmopolitan American Democracy.

I have often compared Theodore White with my father. Both were of the "Greatest Generation" (Dad was born in 1911)—but whereas Teddy's family was caught in the maelstrom of urban immigrant cosmopolitanism, Dad (Osbern Putnam Willson, who renamed himself "Diddy") came from a line of East Anglia English Puritans, none of whom ever lived in a

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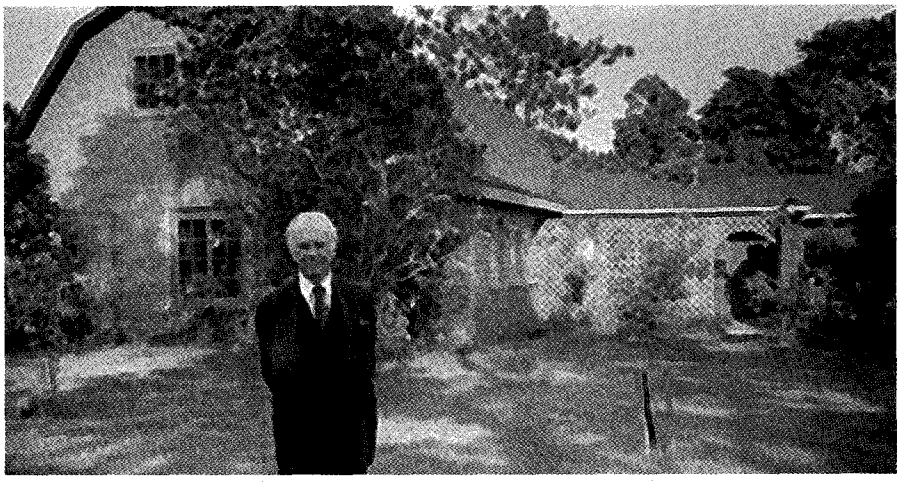
place populated by more than a couple thousand souls. Dad's ancestors were farmers; his father, although an Episcopalian priest, could grow or fix or build just about anything. There was an "upstairs-downstairs" in Dad's life: Grandma Willson was an intellectual, the author of a book called *The Child That Does Not Stumble*, which was a sort of Henri Bergson-John Dewey-Quaker-mystic argument that children raised to be democrats must be taught only by love and example—never, ever, by discipline. She raised six children who were never able to work for anyone but themselves (doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs), but who were all interesting. None of them was an intellectual. Most of them tried city life but ended up living in little rural towns, fiercely loyal to their families.

The forces that made Teddy White cosmopolitan probably should also have made my dad cosmopolitan. Diddy Willson went off to the University of Pennsylvania on a football scholarship. He graduated in 1933, and although he was quite sick of football (and coaches), there weren't many jobs to be had, so he played for the Philadelphia Eagles for three years. He made a little money playing football and even more playing poker in the locker rooms after games, and saved enough to marry my mom and to go to medical school. He was so terrified of flunking out that he wouldn't let Mom live with him until, in his senior year, she was pregnant with me, and he was informed that he would graduate at the top of his class. He finished his internship on December 6, 1941. On December 8, he enlisted and did not return home until the spring of 1946, having served on a hospital ship stationed off North Africa, Sicily, Italy, England, France, Okinawa, Saipan, the Japanese mainland, Shanghai, and the Philippines. He came home to a wife of eleven years with whom he had lived for two, and to two sons, one of whom he had never seen.

Dad actually saw more of the world during the war than Teddy White had seen—although Teddy had met Chou En-lai, Mao, Chiang Kai-shek, Joe Stillwell, and Claire Chennault. Dad met



the "Dragon Lady" in Shanghai but nobody else very important. The song that caught America's vaudeville imagination after World War I should have applied to both Teddy and Diddy after World War II: "How'ya gonna keep 'em, down on the farm, after they've seen Paree?" Most of them, you didn't and couldn't keep on the farm. The family farm was almost eradicated by 1955, and by 1965 it was, for all intents and purposes, just a memory. When I first went to the movies with the girl who would become my wife, all her extended family lived on farms; when our youngest daughter was born ten years later (in 1965), none of them did. But Dad wanted no part of the city. He bought a family practice in the tiny town of Phelps, in the New York Finger Lakes. He called it "PhelpsNewYorkHomeoftheBrave," and everybody who knew him knew what it meant.

He was the last of the Country Doctors. Teddy, on the other hand, went off to Paree and New York and Washington and wrote on all the big stages. Curiously enough, once he pulled out of big-stage journalism he had many second thoughts about being cosmopolitan. Too many stories seemed to be traceable to Washington, and not enough to Erie Street, Boston. Diddy was a very happy Country Mouse, who took Mom to New York City every so often to see plays and dance to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, but really preferred to stay in his country town where he was regarded with something close to reverence.

These were two good men, a City Mouse and a Country Mouse who lived in a generation when it was all right to be either—at least until sometime around 1970. I was introduced to the writings of Richard Hofstadter and Russell Kirk in the same year, by the same college teacher, a wonderful man by the name of Maynard Smith. He favored the former, and I later became a disciple of the latter. Hofstadter was Columbia University, New York City; he made cosmopolitanism almost into a religion, and tried to teach us all to suspect deeply whatever was parochial or "paranoid" or illiberal in our past. Kirk, borrowing from Edmund Burke, argued that we actually had a conservative mind, and that there are "permanent things" that relate to the "little platoons" of religion, family, neighborhood—and which we neglect only at our great peril. He was Mecosta, Michigan, rooted in his ancestral community, devoted to long walks and never very comfortable in large gatherings of people. He called places like Columbia "Behemoth University." Russell would have loved to have been called a Country Mouse; nobody could ever mistake Richard Hofstadter for anything but the opposite. Their best books, *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It* and *The Conservative Mind*, were published within five years of each other, but they could have lived a hundred years apart.

Dad (1911), Teddy White (1915), Richard Hofstadter (1916), and Russell Kirk (1918) were of the same generation, boys and men of Depression and war and Cold War. Dad and Teddy and Russell would have had good conversations, but I can't imagine Dad (or

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Russell, for that matter) having anything to say to Hofstadter, or *vice versa*. This wasn't a matter of character flaws; rather, by the time of Hofstadter's death in 1970, City Mice and Country Mice no longer had much to say to each other. This was, in part, because of demographics. In 1970 farmers made up such a small percentage of our population that NBC's *Little House on the Prairie* had to change Laura Ingalls Wilder's entire vocabulary to make the show understandable. Small towns were considered to be places like Jackson, Michigan: 35,000 or so! Wendell Berry was a young man in 1970, but already a cultural relic. The United States was urban, and striving to become cosmopolitan. Except for conservatives. Most conservatives, that is.

If one were to scroll down the list of George Nash's conservatives (*The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America: Since 1945*) one could pick out cosmopolitans: Bill Buckley, for example, a hero to all of us in the 1960's and who admitted many times that he was conservative in every way except in "temperament." Even M. Stanton Evans moved from the Heartland to Washington, D.C., "to be near my money." All the magazines (except *Chronicles*) have located or relocated on the big stage where the action is. All the young "conservatives" know who Ann Coulter is, and Sean Hannity, but fewer and fewer know much about Russell Kirk or Albert Jay Nock or Richard Weaver. Rush Limbaugh's silly book sold a couple million copies in 1992—mostly, one suspects, to people who would have trouble understanding one of Kirk's or Buckley's sentences. But that's all right, if the folks who bought it were "instinctive, practical conservatives" in the words of an old friend of mine who didn't read many books but who built good buildings. In fact, most good conservatives are men and women who do things, and do them well, and are rooted in the little platoons worth conserving.

The problem is, cosmopolitan conservatives want us to conserve only ideas. Scrolling further through George Nash's monumental book we come eventually to the takeover, the short march through what few conservative institutions there were, that resulted in conservatism becoming dominated by "neoconservatism," which should really be called "neoprogressivism." Progressives of all varieties are good at marching through institutions, because they are secular, political, cosmopolitan, and cunning. Or at least they think they are. Because they can outsmart the barking dogs and the drunken revelers and survive on the margins, and win political victories quite often, and take control of magazines of "influence," they imagine that they have caused conservatives to grow up and accept the postmodern world. And, in a sense, they have. Republicans are certainly not conservative anymore, nor are most of the writers who have usurped the name. The ideas they have chosen to conserve are like all ideas—abstract, unless rooted in the reality of what Henry Salvatori once described to me as the "air we breathe, and in our bones." He was talking about the Constitution, and what he and his brother felt as the sons of an Italian immigrant.

Here's a true story, about another Italian immigrant. Andy Bartucca came to live in PhelpsNewYorkHomeoftheBrave after World War II. He had joined the U.S. Army as a teenager after having already fought for the Sicilian resistance against the troops of both Mussolini and Hitler. His reward was a few combat medals and U.S. citizenship. In Phelps he had a small commercial vegetable garden, and he worked for the Veterans' Administration in a nearby town, and he cut hair on Saturdays in a little room on the back of his house. Andy worked about 36 hours every 24-hour day, which was not unusual for immigrants then or now. One day when I was ten years old, I went to wait for a haircut and listen to the talk in his small-town barbershop. I was next in line when a tough, old Dutch farmer (our town was full of tough, old Dutch farmers) who was getting a shave from Andy's straight razor said to him, "Well, Andy, I thought your brother was coming to town." Andy told him that his brother had found a good job with Stromberg-Carlson up in Rochester. The old farmer said, "I guess that's a good thing. As far as I'm concerned all you dago bastards can get on the boat and go back where you come from. At least he won't be here."

The fact that he said what he said with a war hero's razor at his throat tells us something about his stupid, complacent courage, or maybe just about days when Italian immigrants were not victims but applicants. I went home and asked my father what a "dago bastard" was, and he said it was

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a good man who didn't cut the farmer's throat. We exposed our vital parts in those days to the "dago bastard" who became a respected and wealthy citizen of the western New York republic. Andy marched every year in our local parades, an honored veteran and American who had no clearer an idea of "diversity" than I, whose family landed on this continent in 1620, did. Andy was a Catholic, a family man, and a worker for good causes. Nobody in the town cared for whom he voted in national elections. He didn't "think globally"; a man who shoots a particular enemy and grows a garden to feed his neighbors and cuts the hair of men who insult him thinks only in detail.

City Mice spend their time one-upping each other. Country Mice listen to each other. Ben Stein (who has unfortunately become quite cosmopolitan) pointed out many years ago that James Garner, as the hero in *The Rockford Files*, got into his biggest trouble when he stumbled into small towns, where everybody was a secret pervert or fascist. Rockford was a cosmopolitan cowboy: He rode his faithful Firebird in and out of trouble; he lived on the edge of the law; he had no family except a father who was comically dependent on his son; he fell in love only once, with a death-fated redheaded whore. Rockford could negotiate the libertarian urban underworld—he was a perfect City Mouse—but was helpless against those thugs from the country. He had no ears to hear what a community said, because, when you push aside the beans and get down to the pork, cosmopolitans want nothing to do with smelly neighbors. When progressives talk about communities, they really mean fake communities: the "gay community," the "black community," the "Muslim community," the "Iraqi people." They never use the term *white community*, although it would be at least as meaningless as the "communities" they are fond of. One may as well be a member of the "community of size forty-four regulars."

But it's not just a matter of progressives and conservatives. It's also not a matter of blue states and red states. Those terms are political, and all progressives and most of the progressives who call themselves "conservative" want to make as much of our lives political as they possibly can. Country Mice are content to deal as best they can with their smelly neighbors. They conserve the things that are worth conserving. In detail. It is not possible, as my father, Russell Kirk, Wendell Berry, and a lot of others know, to conserve abstractions or really to live as cosmopolitans.

Teddy went back to Erie Street in 1976. He found it "reminiscent of Essen or Berlin—wiped out, as the South Bronx of New York City was wiped out." The people of South Boston were going for George Wallace, which Teddy attributed to their "fear." What really was happening, of course, was that the smelly neighbors were defending the neighborhood that the cosmopolitans had abandoned. Would Aesop have been surprised?

John Willson is professor emeritus of history at Hillsdale College.

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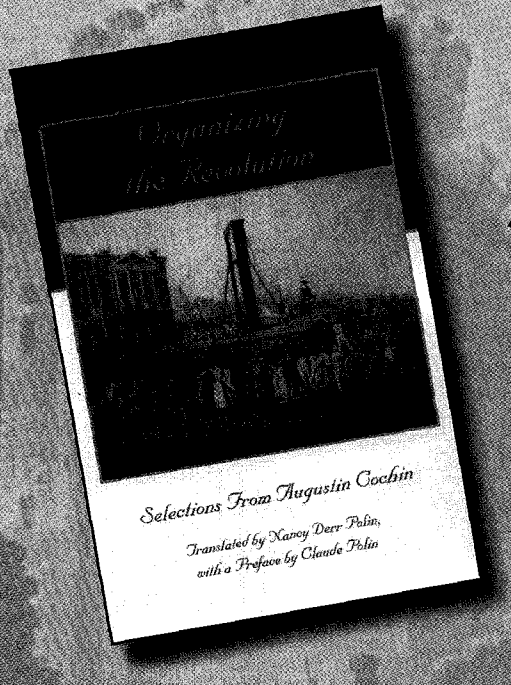
Organizing the Revolution
Selections From Augustin Cochin
Translated by Nancy Derr Polin, with a Preface by Claude Polin

Organizing the Revolution

Selections From Augustin Cochin

translated by Nancy Derr Polin

Preface by Claude Polin

Augustin Cochin (1876-1916) undertook a minute analysis of the role that provincial clubs and societies played in the genesis of the French Revolution. His work shows clearly how the revolution was organized long before the events of 1789. This translation is an attempt to present his unfinished writings in a clear and coherent form.

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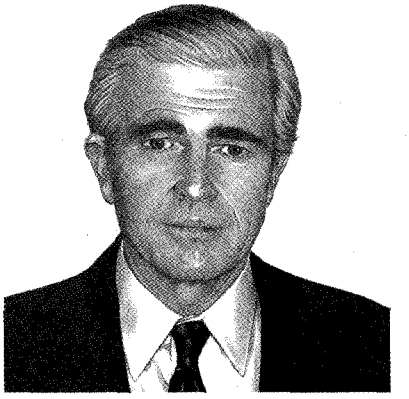
by George McCartney

Valor



Valkyrie
Produced and distributed by United Artists
Directed by Bryan Singer
Screenplay by Christopher McQuarrie

Slumdog Millionaire
Produced by Celador Films
Directed by Danny Boyle
Screenplay by Simon Beaufoy from Vikas Swarup's novel
Distributed by Fox Searchlight Pictures

In *Valkyrie*, screenwriter Christopher McQuarrie and director Bryan Singer tell the story of Col. Claus von Stauffenberg, the aristocratic German Catholic who led the conspiracy that almost assassinated Adolf Hitler on July 20, 1944. While considered a national hero in Germany, Stauffenberg is not nearly as well known in America. So strong is the propaganda coloring America's understanding of what happened in Europe from 1933 to 1945 that many of our citizens tend to think of all Germans as Nazis. In the popular imagination, Germans are either the monocled, heel-clicking sadists on display in *Casablanca* or the buffoons of *Hogan's Heroes*. It's just this kind of historical caricaturing that Stauffenberg sacrificed his life to prevent. He agreed with his fellow conspirator, Henning von Tresckow, who said that they had to kill the *Führer* "to show the world that not all of us are like him; otherwise, this will always be Hitler's Germany." They failed, and thus many in our overeducated, underinformed land think Hitler and his circle were the German norm in the mid-20th century.

Singer has fashioned a strong, convincing portrayal of the events leading up to and immediately following the attempted assassination. Spurning the usual excesses of big-budget war films, he gives us an admirably restrained account that's wholly convincing in every detail. Despite the foreshortening and simplification inescapable in a two-hour film, he never misleads the audience in any substantive way. At the film's conclusion, I was left elevated the way one is after an effectively staged tragedy. I had witnessed the passion of a man of principle who had courageously chosen his fate in the full knowledge that he would as likely fail as succeed.

The film begins in Tunisia with Stauffenberg (Tom Cruise) writing in his diary of his disgust with Hitler and the Nazis. "I'm a soldier, but in serving my country, I have betrayed my conscience." Moments later, his brigade sustains an aerial attack during which he loses his right hand, two fingers of his left, an eye, and a good deal of his hearing. Sent back to Berlin, he makes contact with like-minded officers and joins the plot to assassinate Hitler and put the government under the leadership of Carl Goerdeler, a conservative Prussian statesman who shares their dedication to saving the German people and Europe from further destruction. But how will they accomplish this? Listening to a recording of Wagner's *Die Walküre* one evening, Stauffenberg gets his inspiration. He will use Hitler's own defensive emergency plan, code-named *Walküre*, to wrest the reigns of power from the Nazis. Hitler had taken precautions against possible coups by keeping the army reserves stationed in Berlin in constant readiness. Should he or his administration be attacked, the reserves were to lock down the seat of government and protect it at all costs. Stauffenberg plans to kill Hitler, announce the assassination was perpetrated by high-ranking members of Hitler's bodyguard, the Schutzstaffel (the SS), and then invoke *Walküre*. The plan sounds convincing enough, but as one of the conspirators warns, "Just remember: Nothing ever goes according to plan."

Once the operation is begun, the film accelerates toward its foregone conclusion. Although we know Stauffenberg will fail, Singer somehow manages to ratchet up the suspense to such a degree that the audience with whom I saw the movie were rooting for the conspirators to succeed.

Summoned to a high-level meeting at Wolfschanze (Wolf's Lair), Hitler's bunker in the Goerlitz forest east of Rastenburg, Stauffenberg arrives with his lieutenant and two bombs. Several things go awry, but the operation still has a chance. With astonishing *sang-froid*, Stauffenberg places one of his bombs near Hitler and leaves the room just before the explosion. He bluffs his way out of the compound and flies back to Berlin where he finds his allies paralyzed by uncertainty. The news from Wolfschanze has been sketchy. Not knowing whether Stauffenberg had succeeded, they have waited for his arrival. Had they kept their heads, they would have realized that it didn't matter whether Hitler was dead or alive. The confusion following the attack had given them the opportunity to put *Walküre* into effect, round up the SS, and take over the government. After all, they had nothing to lose. Their complicity in the assassination—successful or not—would certainly have emerged. "If only," we're left pondering.

Some commentators have faulted the film for portraying Stauffenberg as a noble patriot driven by humanitarian concerns. They either claim or insinu-

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ate that he and the other conspirators had acted to secure their leadership in the Germany that would follow the war. Some have openly mocked the idea that Stauffenberg had any concern about the persecution of Jews or the mass killings of other unfortunates. They note that by 1944 the German army had been routed in the battle of Stalingrad, and it had become obvious that Germany would lose the war. They also quote an unflattering comment Stauffenberg made in a letter to his wife about the Jews and Slavs he encountered in Eastern Europe. How, they ask, could a person of Stauffenberg's background be anything other than a self-serving antisemite? Well, here's how. As documented by many serious historians, including Peter Hoffman, Stauffenberg concluded in 1942 that Hitler had to be overthrown. This was well before Stalingrad and Normandy had presaged Germany's inevitable defeat. Second, while he may not have held Slavs and Eastern European Jews in the highest regard, Stauffenberg never gave any sign of subscribing to the Nazi race madness. Several of his closest friends were German Jews. Furthermore, his brother Alexander had married a woman of Jewish descent whose family had suffered because of the Nazi proscriptions. While it's true that, like many aristocrats, Stauffenberg subscribed to a theory of class distinctions and suffered from an advanced case of *noblesse oblige* (now anathema in the West), he also subscribed to a politics that called for honoring a natural aristocracy based on demonstrable merit. And, finally, there's this. At his end, he looked the members of his firing squad in their eyes and shouted "Long live holy Germany!" as they pulled their triggers. Valor this staunch is too scarce not to be prized.

Detractors have also ridiculed Tom Cruise's performance. Cruise has garnered enemies far and wide. He jumped on Oprah's couch; he became a Scientologist; he impregnated Katie Holmes. Some claim he's a closeted homosexual. And on and on. Let's leave it at this: Actors generally are childish; it's nearly a career qualification. After all, they pretend for a living. The only thing we should expect of them is that their pretending convince us of the truth of their characterizations. At this Cruise has usually done reasonably well—and in *Valkyrie*, exceptionally well. Here he conveys the quiet authority of a good man who recognizes that his social position requires that he live up to a code of honor that transcends himself. This is nowhere more evident than in the way Cruise has his character respond to those in inferior positions. He's always courteous, even when they exasperate him. When making his escape from Wolf's Lair, he's stopped by a guard. Without raising his voice, he appeals to the man's sense of honor to convince him to let him and his lieutenant through the gate. Later, once the coup has failed and his Berlin office staff are walking out on him, an adoring secretary looks up at him with tears in her eyes. She's not going to leave. He looks at her gently and, in the quietest voice imaginable, implores her to leave. It's a wonderfully tender moment in a film otherwise characterized by masculine brusqueness.

As for the other performances, Singer probably didn't have to work very hard. Tom Wilkinson, Bill Nighy, Kenneth Branagh, and Terence Stamp are all superlative as usual. And the lesser roles are filled out by equally competent actors. Even Eddie Izzard is convincing as a reluctant conspirator.

Of all 2008's films, *Valkyrie* is one of the most satisfying, by reason of its sincere ambition and realized artistry. Singer, the Jewish kid from Jersey who made the Man of Steel a comic-book savior in *Superman Returns*, has arrived on the international stage with a fully grown-up film about a genuinely human savior.

Danny Boyle's *Slumdog Millionaire* is anything but grown up. It's a kid's kaleidoscope of exploding colors celebrating the irrepressible energy of its underclass characters, desperate youths who find themselves caught up in a wildly monstrous and thoroughly romantic fairy tale. Based on the popular Indian novel *Q&A* by Vikas Swarup, this British-made film concerns the experiences of three throwaway orphans: two brothers and Latika, the girl they meet during their travels. Just barely surviving against a background of nearly unimaginable poverty, they become aimless tricksters and petty criminals living hand to mouth. But when the brothers become separated from Latika, the younger, Jamal, discovers his life's mission. He's fallen in love with Latika, and he's determined to find her again. After years of searching, he discovers she's living as a reluctantly kept woman in Mumbai. There's only one thing to do. He gets himself onto the Indian version of *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?* and begins to pile up winnings. For such impertinence, he's arrested and tortured to confess his scam. But it isn't a scam. This uneducated kid doesn't know that Gandhi appears on the 1,000-rupee note, but when asked who's on the American hundred-dollar bill, he confidently answers "Benjamin Franklin." Why? An American tourist aghast at his poverty once gave him one.

As Jamal explains how he knew the answers, the film flashes back to each revelatory incident in his life. In so doing, the narrative becomes a quest montage, with Jamal the courtly hero undergoing a series of ordeals to win his lady love.

Out of this unlikely material, Boyle has constructed an astonishingly joyful film, one part sociological horror, one part romance, and the third, delirious comedy. How to explain this? I could bore with discussions of his montage, camera angles, and palette. But, finally, there's only one explanation: cinematic genius.

By the way, I noticed this morning an advertisement for a wholly Indian-made action film opening in American multiplexes. For better or for worse, the subcontinent has arrived, and its billions want in on our millions. Boyle is just ahead of the curve.

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by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

A Night on Bald Mountain

Héctor, who had never camped out in his life before, was entirely unprepared for the nighttime cold of the desert in late spring. And he had failed as well to anticipate the utter and complete blackness—the blackness of outer space, of nothingness—of the desert night. Though Jesús "Eddie" built a blazing fire that lit up the rocks, brush, and trees for many yards around the camp, the overall effect was more unnerving than reassuring, especially at the edge of the circle where shoals of indeterminate light merged with shadowy ones advancing from the absolute darkness beyond. Worst of all were the noises—the unknown, unimaginable sounds proceeding from that darkness, from the hurtling downward vibration pulling up abruptly in a trollish grunt that Jesús "Eddie" said was a bullbat, through a noise like rattling bones that in reality was a fall of stones down the steep long cañón behind the camp, to the whistle of the wind like ghosts'-breath in the boughs of the stunted, hideously deformed piñon pines standing black against a backdrop of stars as thick as frozen sandgrains. With so much to nourish and stimulate his imagination, Héctor could if he wished—but did not, after the first attempt—imagine the stark mountainside ringing with the murderous shrieks of a couple-dozen Apache raiders breasting the steeps with heavy trunks upon their backs, seeking a secure place in which to bury the Spanish treasure.

The following day, he learned that a wilderness expedition entails ordeals far more unpleasant than listening to unfamiliar sounds in the night. Crawling on all fours from the tent that morning, Héctor found himself confronting a languorous three-foot rattlesnake stretched out in the morning sun only inches from the rainfly. (Jesús "Eddie," bitterly reproached for his assurances that rattlers were not to be found on Ladrón Peak, replied that witchcrafters on the nearby Alamo Navajo Reservation had doubtless sent them to guard the treasure.) At breakfast, he had flies in his coffee and sand in his scrambled eggs to contend with, besides the ancient folding chair with a rotten canvas seat so deep it took him a full minute to stand from it. And there were the daypacks to prepare, the water bottles to fill from the five-gallon containers, the camp to secure for the day, and the fire to be doused. Camping meant a lot of work, Héctor began to understand. Afterward, the trek up the guttered, boulder-strewn cañón started, and he passed in less than thirty steps from a mild sort of Purgatory into the innermost circles of the Inferno.

Jesús "Eddie," wheezing like a bellows, led the way, carrying the treasure map tucked into the net pocket of his pack and a small pickax secured to his belt. The day was already warm, so that both men, being seriously out of shape, sweated profusely. Jeans, Héctor discovered, were not designed for hiking, and neither were the Adidases he had on. The straps of his pack, containing among many other items the collapsible Marine Corps entrenching tool Jesús "Eddie" had added as an afterthought and weighing perhaps thirty pounds, sawed at his shoulders, causing him to bend almost double so as to take the weight on the flat of his back. His legs ached, a burning coal seemed lodged in each of his hip joints, his lungs sucked air with a whistling sound through his parched open mouth, and his heart pounded like an Indian drum at a fertility dance. Jesús "Eddie" was compelled by an appreciable beer gut to halt every twenty-five paces or so to catch his breath, a respite for which Héctor felt more than grateful. As there was no trail indicated on the map, the expedition was bushwhacking up the cañón that grew progressively steeper as it struggled among boulders and over gravel deposits that rolled like marbles underfoot, pitching the men at times into the heavy undergrowth brought up by the late snow and the rains, the bladed yucca asleep within their folded blossoms, and the datil that tore at their legs and clutching hands. At the lower elevations, rattlers buzzed ominously from rock ledges and clumps of vegetation, and Héctor rendered thanks to the Almighty he'd thought to bring the antivenin kit along in his pack. They fought the mountain until ten o'clock, by which time they'd climbed, by Jesús "Eddie's" estimation, only halfway to the place marked by the *curandera* on the topo map. "Time we get up there, it'll be time to turn round and go down again," he gasped in a nearly inaudible whisper. "Let's eat lunch, *compadre*. I'm going to be anorexic before all this is over."

They reached the head of the cañón about noon, the two of them nearly sick with fatigue, and collapsed together on a shelf of rock. Feeling slightly recovered after a quarter of an hour, they sat up on the rock and looked around. The view of the Rio Grande Valley below and, far to the southeast, the hazed White Mountains rising above Alamagordo was stupendous, but of the lightning-split boulder and the sulphur smell there was neither sign nor trace.

"This is *malo, compadre—muy malo*," Jesús "Eddie" observed darkly. "Perhaps the *curandera* misled you."

"But you said yourself she could not say wrong."

"That is true, *amigo*." Jesus "Eddie" pondered. "The rock must be somewhere about here," he conclud-

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ed. "We must look hard. It may take much time to find it."

"But we can't climb up and down here every day!" Héctor objected.

"That is true. We must carry the camp up on our backs and put it here, to save time."

Héctor stared at him, appalled. From where they stood, the Dodge pickup was visible on the plateau far below, a speck of metal glinting in the sunlight.

"Not the whole camp, of course. Just what we need to survive. A spike camp, the Anglos call it."

Héctor did not bother to argue with him. Why, he thought bitterly, if he wished to make a fortune, hadn't he gone to work on Wall Street and done it the easy way?

They spent the next two days carrying what they needed from car camp up to the head of the cañón in six trips, after which both men were ruggedly sunburned and a good four pounds leaner. Jesús "Eddie" raised the tent ten feet to the left of the waterspout, while Héctor, at Jesús's instruction, constructed a small firepit twenty feet downwind of it. When the camp was at last complete, the men stood with crossed arms to gaze upon their work and saw that it was good.

"If we do not find the treasure this trip," Jesús "Eddie" promised, "we will leave this spike camp here until we do. In that way, *compadre*, we will save ourselves much time and effort."

Night fell, heavy with the drugged perfume of the yucca opening their tender white blossoms to the velvet dark of the springtime desert. Cheered by the ragged orange flames and sweet smoke of the campfire, comforted by the bottle of Jim Beam placed within convenient reach of the treasure hunters and by the spreading lights of Albuquerque poured out like burning jewels on the desert sixty miles distant, Héctor felt himself relaxing for the first time in thirty-six hours. Camping was not so bad after all once you got used to it, he decided. And who couldn't, when you were camped so close to a buried fortune you could almost smell it? He and Jesús "Eddie," toasting their absent comrades at the

Taberna Aztlán, drank a spot more than was good for them and turned in before ten o'clock, determined to make an early start in the morning and confident of coming on the split boulder before noon.

Owing to hangover they got going an hour or two later than they'd intended. Also the boulder described by Sister Carmen proved unexpectedly elusive, and the only perceptible odors were those of sun-heated rock and the oily juniper bush. The two men searched all day, with a break in camp for lunch and a hair of the biting dog, and returned at suppertime, disappointed and disgruntled.

"F- - k the *curandera*," Jesús "Eddie" complained. "If Beatriz don't report her to Father What's-his-face, I will, *compadrito*."

"Maybe she just got the details wrong," Héctor suggested. "Or perhaps the split rock rolled downhill during the winter. Why don't we start digging here, at the top of the cañón, and see if we come up with anything?"

But Jesús "Eddie" refused to accept this explanation. "There ain't no such thing as half-magic," he declared. "It's either real magic—or it ain't magic at all, it's phoney advertising. If the priest don't get on the bitch's ass, maybe the Chamber of Commerce will. *Amigo*, pass me that bottle—I feel like killing something tonight."

They traversed the mountain slope in the vicinity of the pour-off again the next day with no greater success and retired to camp shortly before sundown, to sit in deepest gloom by the fire over a fresh bottle of Jim Beam and watch the full moon rise, swollen and orange like an outsized Spanish dubloon, above the Manzano Mountains. Darkness fell, the friends had eaten nothing since lunch, yet so low in spirit were they that it occurred to neither of them to fix supper. "Maybe we need a metal detector—" Jesús "Eddie" had begun, when he was interrupted by a sudden fall of gravel from the steep behind them.

"*¿Qué es eso?*" Héctor demanded in alarm.

"Mountain goat, maybe," Jesús replied dubiously.

"Goats don't throw pine cones," Héctor told him. He picked up the one that, having struck him between the shoulder blades, had bounced and fallen against a piece of rock, and offered it to his friend for his inspection with a hand that shook perceptibly.

Instead of accepting the pine cone, Jesús "Eddie" shrank from it, his normally rubicund face a sallow color in the ruddy light of the fire.

"*¡Fantasmas!*" he hissed. "It is the spirits of the Apache raiders guarding the treasure! O Jesus Mary and Joseph! The *curandera* said nothing of this. We have awakened them from their sleep after four hundred years,

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and now they look for revenge!"

Another pine cone landed on the rock beside the fire, and then a third hit Jesús "Eddie" square on the back of the neck beneath the brim of his Stetson hat. Héctor did not reply to him. Having in that moment recalled Hermana Carmen's warning that the treasure site was a place of bad magic haunted by evil spirits, he decided that now was not the time to communicate this information to his friend. Under the climbing moon, Ladrón Peak was a study in ragged contrasts, bone-white rock opposed to deathlike shadow. Overhead the stars, blanched by moonshine, appeared transfixed by suspense and horror. A sudden spate of pine cones incoming from the heights above struck all round like springy hail, and then there came the scream. It was a terrible scream, like the fused cry of all the souls in Hell, rising upward toward the moon and falling back again. The scream lasted for thirty seconds or more, then died away. "Hail Mary full of Grace," Jesús "Eddie" began. He broke off as three black figures holding what looked like spears appeared simultaneously in silhouette against the sky on a shoulder of the mountain above the camp. Without hesitating he drew the .45 revolver and emptied the cylinder in the direction of the apparitions, the six successive crashes magnified unbearably by the surrounding amphitheater of rock. The figures vanished instantly and several moments of silence ensued, followed by an outburst of mocking goblin laughter from behind the ridge more terrible even than the scream had been. After that came the descending chill, working its way downslope from the craggy heights above.

The treasure seekers lay awake throughout the night with their revolvers resting on their chests. They arose at first light, struck camp, and packed the first load for portage down to the truck, choosing only the most valuable items. The rest, they felt, could wait until the Apache spirits had quieted down back there on the mountain. Or until Hell froze over, whichever happened first.

On the drive out, a couple of miles down the jeep trail Jesús "Eddie" was forced to pull off onto the grass and hard against a grove of juniper trees to make way for a Chevy Suburban coming straight at them, lurching and shunting from side to side in the rutted dirt track. The Suburban was an older model from the 80's or earlier, high-riding above the chassis, boat-like and hardly smaller than a small freighter. It never slowed but passed the Dodge at high speed and in a thick cloud of the caking dust. Inside were four men and, in the rear, an assemblage of what appeared to be excavating tools. The driver as he approached seemed to avert his face and swung the sun visor across the side window, partially concealing himself from view. Even so, Héctor recognized him, or thought he did. He'd seen that face before, unless he was much mistaken—at night several months ago, pushing past him in the doorway of Hermana Carmen Cortez's ramshackle adobe in Belen. ◁▷

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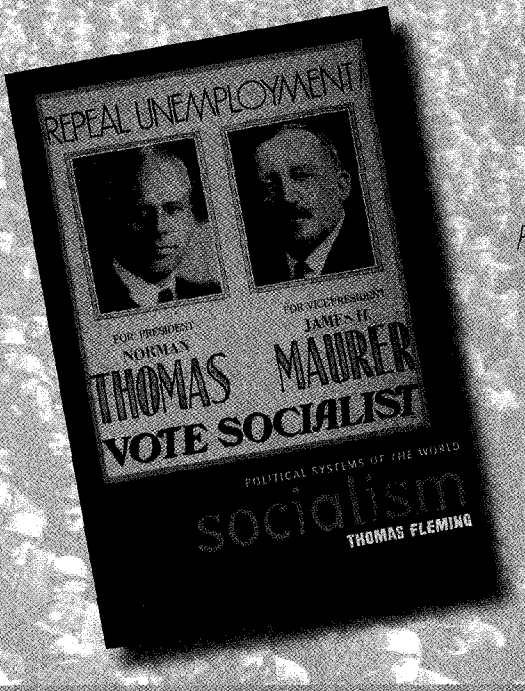

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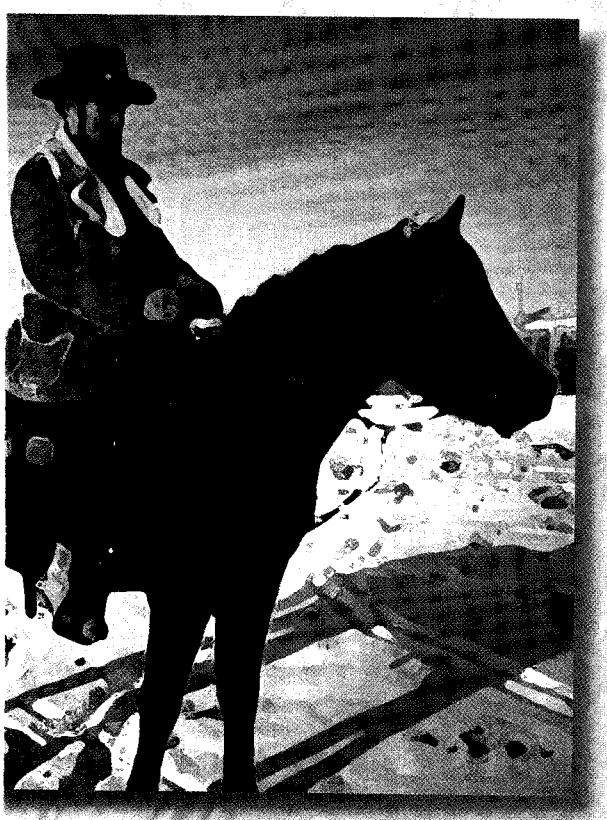

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